

The Improvement ERA

JUNE, 1930

Vol. 33 No. 8

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

The Church In Action

DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN



Bill's Shadows

PROF. HARRISON R. MERRILL



The Protection of Adolescents

DR. VALERIA H. PARKER



A Touch With General

Lew Wallace

PRESTON NIBLEY



Camping

REV HOYTE E. HENRIQUES



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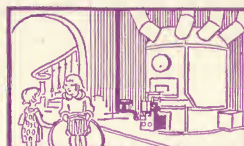
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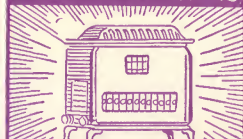
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FORECAST

"In what ways is the individual under moral obligation to be personally efficient and how can this be accomplished?"

"Why is everyone under obligation to his fellows diligently to seek and to apply social knowledge?"

Dean Milton Bennion prefaces his next instalment of "A Spiritual Philosophy of Life" with the foregoing questions. If carefully read this article would be of untold value to every young person in the world. The author shows, too, that none are too old to improve. One statement from his article is given here: "The current anti-fat fashion has been used as an opportunity to make popular the substitution of a cigarette for a sweet. This substitution is no doubt effective as an anti-fat measure, but so also is tuberculosis."

The first of a series of articles by John Henry Evans under the title of "Joseph Smith, a Modern American Prophet," will appear in our next number. The subject is treated in an original way, interesting alike to young and old, and a picture is drawn of this remarkable youth which will make a deep impression.

Dr. William J. Snow furnishes us with a scholarly article under the title "The Historicity of Jesus," in which he shows that, from sources outside of the New Testament, our Savior's place in history is firmly established.

The articles "From the Green Mountains to the Rockies," several numbers of which have appeared in the *Era*, have awakened a desire in the hearts of many people to traverse old "Mormon" trails themselves. John Giles, author of this series, has consented to furnish *Era* readers with a brief travelogue for the July number. This will aid prospective tourists in planning their itinerary and will be interesting reading to all.

One of the most interesting articles that has come to the *Era* for a long time has just been handed us by Elder J. Percy Goddard, member of the Deseret Sunday School Union. It has as a title "Abominable Creeds"

The Improvement Era

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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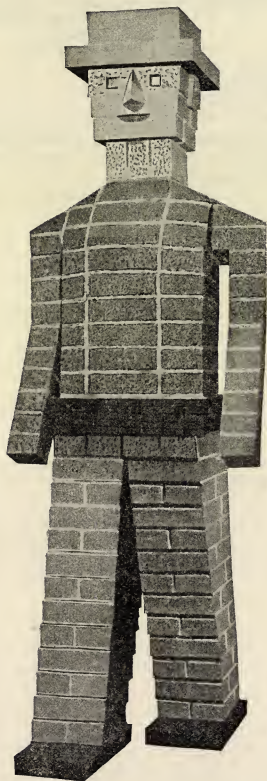
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EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
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Prayer and Blessings

*Delivered in the Salt Lake Tabernacle at the Opening Session
of the Centennial Conference, April 6, 1930*

By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

WE have received many telegrams of congratulation on this occasion, but we shall not attempt to read any of them this morning.

It has fallen to my lot, although a very weak, humble instrument in the hands of the Lord, to succeed the wonderful men who have presided over this Church—the Prophet Joseph Smith, than whom no greater man I believe has ever graced the earth; that marvelous pioneer, Brigham Young; that mighty champion of liberty, John Taylor; that exceptional converter of men to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, Wilford Woodruff; Lorenzo Snow, an extraordinary man at eighty-five years of age, who in three years lifted the Church from the slough of despond financially to a place of financial standing; and that man, beloved by all who knew him, one of the outstanding men of all the world, Joseph F. Smith, the greatest preacher of righteousness I have ever known.

It is my right and privilege as the President of this Church to extend a blessing to the people, and with all my heart and soul I bless my counselors for their devotion to me and to the Church. I remember with gratitude my counselors who have passed away. I rejoice in the wonderful labors and the devotion of each and every one of the men who are members of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, also the Presiding Patriarch of the Church. I pray God to bless them for their integrity and their devotion, for their labors at home and abroad among the people.

I pray God to bless the Seven Presidents of the Seventy, the men who stand at the head of that great body of Priesthood, whose duty and obligation it is to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

I pray the blessings of the Lord upon the Presiding Bishopric of the Church, who preside over all the Lesser Priesthood—the Priests, Teachers and Deacons of the Church.

I pray God to bless this wonderful gathering of High Priests, such a gathering as I am sure cannot be found in any other part of the wide world. I pray God to bless the Seventies, and the Elders. I pray that he may bless all the members of the Lesser Priesthood; that he may richly pour out his blessing

upon them in their youth, that there may be planted in their hearts a love of God and a desire to serve him as they grow to manhood; that they may feel to walk in the footsteps of their faithful parents. All of us who have been born in the Church, almost without exception, have been born of parents who have given their lives and the best that is in them for the work of God.

One of the most earnest prayers of my heart all my life has been that I should be able to live to be worthy of such a father and such a mother as were given to me.

I pray that the blessings of the Lord may attend all of the general officers of our Church, all of whom are devoted to this work. I pray for the blessings of the Lord upon the officers and the General Board of the Relief Society. My heart goes out in gratitude and thanksgiving to God for the organization, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, of that wonderful society.

I thank the Lord for my association with Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. Young, Sarah M. Kimball, Aunt Emeline B. Wells, Bathsheba W. Smith, Clarissa S. Williams and Sister Louise Y. Robison, who have stood as officers of the Relief Society. I am thankful indeed for what they have accomplished, for their wonderful work and example, and I pray God's choicest blessings upon them.

It is our sisters who carry the burden of the work. We talk about the missionary work of the Elders who go forth to proclaim the Gospel; we talk about the great pioneer work of the early settlers of this country, but I wish to say here that it is the mothers at home who are making the sacrifice for the boys to go into the mission field. It is the mothers who stand the hardships far more than the men. Men are engaged in many activities, and without the devotion and absolute testimony of the living God in the hearts of our mothers this Church would die. May God bless the mothers of men, is my most humble prayer; and I do bless them in the name of God our Heavenly Father and in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.

I pray for the same blessing upon the officers of

the General Board of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and upon the Primary Association, the Sunday Schools and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. I also pray for the blessings of the Lord upon those devoted and wonderful workers in the Genealogical Society. It is wonderful what is being accomplished in the temples through the energy of these people who are working along that line.

I pray for the blessings of the Lord upon our choir and its officers, and upon the music committee. I pray for the blessings of the Lord upon the choirs throughout the Church. There are no other people in the world in proportion to their numbers who have so many who pray to the Lord in beautiful songs.

God bless the Presidents of Missions, one and all. They are marvelous men, those who are active today and those who have served in the past. It is marvelous to contemplate the love and the confidence they have inspired and the inspiration that they have given to those over whom they preside.

I pray God to bless the wonderful men who have given so much of their time as Presidencies of the Stakes of Zion. Many of the men occupying these positions give nearly as much time to their Church work as they do to their ordinary affairs in life.

I pray for that same blessing upon the wonderful men who are Bishops and Bishops' Counselors. I ask for the blessing of the Lord upon those who preside over the quorums of Priesthood throughout the Church.

I pray abundantly for the blessings of the Lord to be with those who have been sent forth to proclaim the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to lift up their voices in testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of mankind, and to bear witness that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, inspired of God to restore again to the earth the plan of life and salvation.

Oh, how my heart goes out to those young men and young women who go forth with this testimony burning in their very hearts for the spread of the truth. And thank God that they have brought honest souls from all over the wide world, from every denomination under heaven, to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. May God bless them and bless their parents who are making sacrifices to send them forth to proclaim the Gospel. Oh, how I do rejoice that I do not know of one son or one daughter in all Israel who has gone out into the world to proclaim the truth that has come home to announce that the truth is in some other land. Thank God for the truth and the power that goes with these young men and young women as they go forth to proclaim the

restoration again to the earth of the plan of life and salvation, the Gospel of Jesus Christ that you and I have received.

God bless the Patriarchs. I thank the Lord for Patriarch Perkins, a noble man in St. George, who gave me a patriarchal blessing as a little child, foretelling my life in one small page of longhand writing, which has been fulfilled to the very letter. I thank God for John Rowberry, who gave me a blessing to the effect that I should be taken from Tooele and be made one of the leading officials of this Church; and who promised Francis M. Lyman that his name should be chronicled among the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ in these last days. God bless our Patriarchs and inspire them in their splendid work.

I echo the prayer that was offered in the opening of this meeting, that God will bless the President of the United States and his cabinet, and all the officers of our great country. How I do rejoice in that statement contained in the Book of Mormon to the effect that this is a land choice above all other lands and that no king shall reign here. Let us be true and loyal to this land of liberty. In no land in all the wide world could the Gospel of Jesus Christ have been established except in this beloved America of ours.

God bless that liberty-loving country, Great Britain. May he bless our neighbor on the north, which is like one of our own family, Canada. May the blessings of the Lord attend our people on the south, in Mexico, who are struggling for their rights and their liberty. May peace dwell in that land.

I pray that the blessings of Almighty God may be and abide with all the members of this Church, every faithful, diligent Latter-day Saint. May we be able to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ by the honesty, the uprightness and the truthfulness of our lives. If we do this, then we are sure of a final triumph.

I rejoice in all that we have heard here today. I rejoice and I am sure that the Prophet and the Patriarch of the living God who sealed their testimonies with their blood will rejoice at this wonderful gathering. Oh, how I did pray, how I did supplicate the Lord that Joseph F. Smith, the son of the martyred Patriarch, might live to occupy today this position that I am occupying. Never until the night before he passed away did I give up the hope that he should have that privilege. But it has fallen to my lot without my seeking to occupy this position. By that spirit of blessing which he possessed, I bless you one and all, and all Israel, and every honest-hearted soul in all the world who is trying to do good, and I do it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, and by the authority of the living God, the Priesthood that I hold. Amen.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41

June, 1930

No. 8

Edison's Sense of Humor

By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

THOMAS A. EDISON, one of the greatest geniuses the world has known, defines genius as 99% perspiration and 1% inspiration. One of his good natured mottoes is: "All things come to him who hustles while he waits." He believes in and has practised both of these suggestions eighteen hours a day for more working days than almost any other man living. His unremitting toil, to use the words of President Hoover, "has taken rivers of sweat from the backs of men and freed the hands of women from untold drudgery." His industry is an example to all ambitious young men.

On the evening of October 21st a great international celebration was held in his honor, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the incandescent lamp. This was an event of historic importance and many magazines and daily newspapers carried sketches of the great inventor's life and commented on his marvelous achievements.

IN an article in the American Magazine of January, 1929, contributed by Irving Bacheller, is related, in Edison's own words, one of his early experiences which indicates his alertness of mind and his fine sense of humor. He was a news agent on the train that ran between Saginaw and Detroit. The story of his last trip is full of significance and abounds in the rarest humor. Significant, because it helped him to find himself, and to get into the path that led him to fame. Passing through the smoker, his arms full of newspapers, he was stopped by a Southerner dressed like a sport and with a negro valet.

"'Boy, what ye got there?' he asked.

"'Newspapers,' I answered.

"'How many?'

"'Thirty-four.'

"'Chuck 'em out o' the window,' he commanded.

"'I hesitated.

"'Chuck 'em out o' the window,' he repeated. 'I'm able to pay for 'em.'

"'Taking him at his word, I flung them through an open window.

"'He lazily turned to the negro at his side, as if the vulgar details of business were beneath him, saying in a lordly tone: 'Nicodemus, settle with the boy.'

"'The colored man paid me. I returned to my trunk. I had never sold my papers with so little effort. I thought that I would try him again. I returned to the smoking car with a load of magazines that staggered me. I left none behind.

"'My customer saw me coming.

"'Hello, boy, what ye got there?' he demanded.

"'Magazines.'

"'How many?'

"'I told him.

"'Chuck 'em out o' the window.'

My stock was moving fast. I think that half a mile of the right of way was paved with literature.

"'Nicodemus, settle with the boy,' my whimsical Southern friend commanded, as I returned empty-handed to his seat.

"'I understood the situation. My customer like many men of that time, on pleasure bent, was playing the part of a lavish Roman emperor. His little hobby was the creation of astonishment. I decided that if I had been chosen by fate to assist him to ride his hobby, far be it from me to lag behind.

"'I hurried back to my trunk. It was half full of novels. Some of them showed signs of wear. The brakeman helped me stack them in my arms. It was almost a wagonload. I was in the midst of an adventure as thrilling as any in the books I carried. I toiled into the smoking car with my burden.

"'Again the familiar words: 'Hello, boy, what ye got there?'

"'Novels,' I answered.

"'How many?'

"'I gave the number.

"'Again the welcome order: 'Chuck 'em out o' the window.'

"'Gladly I chuckled 'em. For a minute the air was full of mystery and bloody murder. Every tramp on that railroad must have become a walking library, and I'm sure that the section boss acquired a surprising familiarity with literature.

"'Once more I heard the princely command: 'Nicodemus, settle with the boy.'

"'I returned to an empty trunk. I closed and locked it for the last time. What should I do with it? I decided to try my luck once more. I dragged the trunk through the aisle to the smoking car. Everyone laughed as I bumped it through the door.

"'Again the familiar greeting: 'Hello, boy, what ye got there?'

"'Trunk,' I answered.

"'He smiled as he asked: 'How many?'

"'One.'

"'Chuck it off the train.'

"'I dragged it to the platform and tumbled it to the right of way, and Nicodemus settled with me. I was out of the news-agent business for good."

Taken from "Making Friends with Luck" by Irving Bacheller, American Magazine, Jan., 1929.

The Church in Action

A Sketch of Its Work in Moral and Religious Education

GREAT as the zeal of the Church has been for up-building the public schools, its interest in schools for religious education is even more pronounced.

The Chief Aim

WHAT the leaders and pioneers primarily desired was manhood, character; and since religious truth could not consistently be taught in the public school. Latter-day Saint people began early the establishment of Church schools; that is, institutions in which spiritual development could be emphasized. Early evidence of their desire for ethical, moral, and religious training was the founding, (Oct. 16, 1875) at Provo, Utah, of the Brigham Young Academy.

An Early Modern School

IN 1877 President Young established also the Brigham Young College in Logan, Utah, endowing this institution with a valuable 9,000-acre tract of land near that city.

Provisions of the college deed of trust clearly reveal the practical side of this strong man's nature and the breadth of his prophetic view. The deed provides that, in addition to the usual subjects taught in colleges, the curriculum should include practical instruction in what we now call agriculture, manual training, mechanic arts, domestic science, and domestic art. While many institutions are giving instruction in these branches today, they were rare and novel for a college in 1877.

Poverty Did Not Daunt Their Spirit of Education

THE early Intermountain West was sparsely settled. Assessed valuations were so low and property so limited that it was out

By
DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN
of the
Council of Twelve
and of the
General Superintendency
of the
Y. M. M. I. A.

of the question to create a satisfactory free public school system. This condition gave to the people of the Church an opportunity to satisfy their ideals and desires for education in establishing in the principal cities a system of Church schools. These schools took the form of public high schools. To this day some of them are still conducted, even in comparatively large and well-to-do centers of business and population.

In these Church schools, students were responsible out of school hours, as well as during recitations, for their conduct as well as for their lessons. An effort was made to induce students to live in strict conformity with all Church ideals. Temperance and self-control were emphasized. Tea, coffee, liquor, tobacco, and improper association were alike forbidden. At the Brigham Young Academy, in the early days of this institution, Dr. Karl G. Maeser, a remarkable teacher and illustrious leader, exercised control over the

social activities as well as over the class-room work of the students.

A Builder of Character

DR. MAESER was sent to Provo by President Brigham Young to start a school. Boys and girls who came into the institution in its early days, having had extremely limited opportunities, necessarily had narrow vision. Karl G. Maeser opened the eyes of these young people and inspired their zeal, besides giving them information with which they laid the foundation for their future.

The devotion of this German-trained scholar had much to do with establishing in the hearts of the people unusual standards of character and high ambitions. Many of his students have gone on to successes that have astonished the most optimistic, not a few of them having become important factors in the work of the world.

Certain Human Products

AT this moment Utah has but one representative in Congress at Washington and two United States Senators. These three and one Justice of the Supreme Court are brilliant examples of this notable teacher's inspiration. He filled his students with noble aims, and thrilled them with a love for knowledge. Can we find anywhere a finer record?

This educator's aim, also that of the Church, is to teach young people to be honest, chaste, virtuous, benevolent; to be kind, long-suffering, Christian-like, and truly religious. This is the life that gives the greatest joy. An outstanding maxim of these Church schools is that the ages demonstrate such a life to be the only one that brings genuine and lasting satisfaction, and that the first of all virtues is honor.

With the people of the Church it is a conviction



MOSCOW INSTITUTE

that without religion a superior man or woman is not possible. And now that communities have grown stronger and assessed valuations have so increased that local units are able, by the usual forms of taxation, to maintain and have established modern high schools,—the present policy of the Church is to expend whatever means it has for educational purposes in developing institutions limited to giving religious education.

L. D. S. View of Education

RELIGION, character, dependability—these are the qualities the world most needs; and in the educational system now maintained by the Church the primary aim is to give moral and religious education.

What is the reason that so many people in these days, though scholastically trained, lose interest in practical religion? Is it not because their religious development and education fail to keep pace with their scholastic or collegiate training? While attending high school and college, consistent religious training for the many is neglected or wholly ignored.

To establish and conduct institutions for giving purely religious training along with and parallel to, or hand-in-hand with, public school and college education—this constitutes the present policy of the Church.

In order to get a high school education many students are re-

quired to leave friends, home and Church; and still more among those who attend college find it necessary to be away from home and home influences.

Devoting himself almost exclusively to scholastic pursuits, a student struggles through four years of high school, and then perhaps through four years more of college life. During these eight years of intense mental development he oftentimes pays but scant attention to religious thoughts and duties. With commencement day, his long training is finished, and he is

awarded academic honors for his success in scientific and secular subjects. When he begins again to give attention to religion, if the only religious views he has are those of his childhood, which have not been consistently developed, then, very naturally, to his well trained and analytical mind, these early views of religion seem crude and simple, if not absurd.

A Complete, Well Balanced Growth

WITH the hope that the young people of the Church may be provided with an education well rounded out in religion as well as in science and literature, we are aiming high—attempting to bring up a generation perfect even as our Heavenly Father is perfect.

For the attainment of this cherished ideal, the Church has established its system of religious training—a development that parallels and goes hand-in-hand with the training given in the public schools.

The Primary associations give religious training to those who are doing work in the kindergarten and the first six grades of the public schools. The aim of this association is to teach the beginnings of reverence and responsibility to these children and in a happy way to tie their activity up to the Church through service. The idea is, not only to teach correct principles, but so to lead the younger



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children that they will form sound habits of life, to the end that ideals of religion and habits of industry may be well established during the years of childhood.

Academic Instruction in Scripture

THE Junior Seminary, in theory at least, is conducted parallel with public school training of the 7th, 8th, and 9th grades. The purpose of Senior Seminaries is to teach ethical principles and practical religion to those who are attending public high schools. They are established wherever there is a sufficient number of Latter-day Saint students to justify the undertaking.

Eighty-four seminaries, adjacent to high schools where numbers of L. D. S. students are registered, are now in operation. In these a total of 93 teachers are employed and 13,337 students are taking the work. In connection with colleges the Church has also established three institutes. In these, 327 students are enrolled, with three teachers.

These institutes aim to provide college students who are members of the Church with a four-year training in the study of the Bible and other scriptures; also to afford them practice in religion and in the essential Christian characteristics—virtue, honesty, and self-control.

The Goal of Educational Work

THE Department of Education of the Church is attempting to secure teachers who are well equipped to give this work. Men and women with pleasing personalities and attractive personal appearance are selected. Those having natural ability to teach are placed in charge. The idea is to make religious education both effective and attractive. To enable young people to become unselfish, God-fearing, Christian-like, strong, virtuous, upright; to develop them into patriotic and devoted citizens, good neighbors, exemplary Church members, active and honorable members of society.—this is the goal of all these efforts.

The Interior Mechanism

WHILE the primary purpose of the organizations referred

to herein is to give religious instruction along with the secular training of modern schools and colleges, the Church has many other organizations or institutions for teaching religious ideals, duties and conduct.

In each of the 1,016 wards in the various stakes of the Church, also in many of its branches in the missions throughout the world, five strong auxiliary organizations are operating. A numerous army of volunteer workers is necessary for the successful operation of these auxiliary organizations. They each have definite courses of study, clear-cut outlines, and faithful teachers. Figures showing the numbers of those who are actively engaged in the auxiliary organizations will illustrate roughly the size of this army of workers.

In the Sunday Schools, for example, there are 1,299 stake officers and teachers and 26,505 ward officers and teachers. With the 250,803 students, this makes a total membership of 278,627. In itself a large army, an enormous school, the Sunday School is a mighty educational institution.

The Relief Society, like these other major institutions, does work that is educational, but its main function is social service. It could very appropriately be called the mother's organization. Its officers number 10,463, besides 20,948 teachers, who monthly visit the homes of the people, going from house to house. At the close of 1928 the total membership of this organization was 62,550.

For the Uplift of Youth

THE Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association has definite programs with distinctive lines of training, intended primarily for the young women. There are 1,157 of these organizations; the officers and class leaders number 10,841; the total membership reaches 54,287.

The corresponding organization for the young men has 1,033 units, with 8,667 officers and teachers, and 55,137 members. These associations train young people in debating and public speaking, in biography, and other subjects of interest and practical value in modern life. The aim is to present materials that are up to date in science, literature, and art; also in health and sanitation.

To these two young people's organizations, the Mutuals, is assigned also the responsibility of directing recreation work for the whole Church. The specific aim here is to blend uplift with recreation, for those who are well along in years as well as for the youth. They participate in basket ball, base ball, and other kinds of sport and recreation. The program of the Boy Scouts of America is an integral and prominent part of the work for young men. The organization undertakes to provide young people with so much of "the things that are more excellent," with a program so filled with healthful recreation and interesting study, that there will be no place or time in their lives for what is worthless or unwholesome.

Development of the Young Child

THE Primary Association is the fifth of the auxiliary organizations. It provides religious training for the children—a program carried on parallel with the kindergarten and the first six grades of the public schools.

In the Primary the children are taught the cardinal virtues—obedience, honesty, faith—with the same sincerity and thoroughness that they are taught language, arithmetic, or geography in the public schools. Character we hold to be more essential to success in life than is scholastic training.

Officers and teachers in the Primary aggregate 13,419; the number of organizations is 1,243; the total members, 108,596.

The Education of Women

THE Relief Society, the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and the Primary, three of the strong auxiliary organizations, are managed almost entirely by women. The work of the women throughout the Church is generally more efficient than that of the men. This may be because they have more time to attend to their Church work than do men, or it may be that they are more impressed with the saving power of religious work. It has been said, "Men may fail, but women never."

In Church proceedings women have always voted in the same manner as men. They are edu-

cated the same—for example, in public speaking. In Church work they are playing a part no less important than that of men. During a hundred years, their help, their prayers, their devotion, have aided greatly the achievements of the Church.

As text books these various auxiliary organizations have used guide lessons and specially prepared manuals. College professors and public school teachers quite frequently assist in preparing these texts, and they are often the teachers in the various classes. Recent M. I. A. manuals include such topics as: "Heroes of Science," "Captains of Industry," "Champions of Liberty," "A Century of Progress." Magazines filled with modern matter intended to grip the interest and hold the attention of young and old are issued monthly by these organizations.

The practical application of religion for the men of the Church is further provided for in the Priesthood quorums. These are Quorums of Seventies, Elders, High Priests, Priests, Teachers, and Deacons. In these, which are comparatively small groups, not only are lessons taught and instructions given, but opportunity is provided for exercise in public speaking and for the application of various practical duties.

The Gospel of Giving

THE value of giving, or the happiness that results from doing good to others, is an outstanding practice and principle of the Church. Practically all the teachers, leaders, and officers of these great organizations serve without compensation. Many of them make contributions in time and effort that money could not purchase.

An outstanding educational characteristic of the Church is its missionary system, which is devoted to proclaiming the teachings of Jesus. In the entire range of human history the sole perfect character is that of Jesus of Nazareth. Even those who are not members of any Christian denomination acknowledge this. Ask non-believers to name the characteristics of the life of a perfect human being; most of them will be cited from the life, the teachings, the example, of Jesus.

At the very age when young

people are most likely to waste their physical and mental powers in idleness, carelessness, or sport, this system sends them into the mission field to study and teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Under the close supervision and instruction of able mission presidents and leaders, they are required to live in accordance with these teachings and to advocate them.

This training is generally given to young men when they have finished high school, or to those who have not completed the high school course but are ready to begin their life's work. For those attending college, the aim is, at the end of the sophomore year to have them spend two years in the mission field, reading, studying, advocating, and practicing the principles of the Gospel.

Education of the Emotions

THROUGHOUT its history, while greatly interested in general and scholastic education, the Church has been more concerned in the education of the heart, in character building. The Church is now but one hundred years old. Its achievements have proved a surprise to nearly all thinking people who have given its career careful study. In prominent places nearly everywhere products of the Church system of education are in evidence.

Consider the influential positions held by our representatives in the halls of Congress and the credit that has come to us because of our able representation in the Supreme Court of the United States. We have produced a Secretary of Agriculture, the presidents of several Agricultural Colleges, the chairman of the U. S. Tariff Commission, and Directors of several State Agricultural Experiment Stations.

From our midst have come bankers, managers of big business institutions, the Director of extension work in the Department of the Interior, research experts for various mining and other enterprises, men prominent in the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, Deans in various departments of State Universities, Editor and Chief of the Division of Publications, U. S. Department of Agriculture, State Commissioner of Agriculture, presidents of educational institutions, members of important com-

missions appointed by the President of the United States, and the director of the U. S. Veteran's Bureau. In fact we have representatives of men and women who are leading farmers, scientists, teachers, business men, engineers, and professional men in all parts of this intermountain country.

Fruits of the System

IT is a compliment to our educational institutions that we have representatives on faculties of the following universities: Columbia, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Chicago, Michigan; professorship and head of a department in Iowa College; three faculty members in the University of Ohio; a professorship in the University of Indiana; a member of the faculty in Peabody College, Tennessee, in the University of Southern California, the University of California at Los Angeles, University of Illinois, University of California at Berkeley, and the ranking man in the electrical department in active charge of the world-famous electrical high tension laboratory at Stanford University.

We have helped professors to the University of Oregon at Eugene and the President of the Oregon Agricultural College; faculty members for the Chicago School of Music, and the conductor of music at the Mission Play in California; and a member of the faculty of Cornell University.

ONLY a few of the positions in the educational world held by products of the educational system of the L. D. S. Church can be mentioned here; but even these suffice to show why the "Mormon" people are so well known in every part of the world; and this is the more remarkable from the fact that they are hardly more than half a million in number.

A noted traveler, a man of broad experience, Dr. A. E. Winship, has said: "Utah County has produced more musicians and artists than any other county of its size and population in the United States."

Having accomplished these things for education in the first one hundred years of its history, who can predict what will be the educational achievements of the Church during the marvelous century that is now dawning?

A Word Concerning Prophecy

By ED. M. ROWE

Assistant Professor of English, Brigham Young University

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts." (II Peter 1:19.)

THERE is, in this paper, no attempt on the part of the writer to enter into a discussion of the prophecy on war, the prophecy concerning Stephen A. Douglas, the prophecy concerning the establishment of the Latter-day Saints as a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, the prophetic dedication and blessing of the Holy Land as a place for the return gathering of the Jews, or the coming forth of the Book of Mormon—all fulfilled during the last century, to a degree commensurate with the spirit of their utterance. My purpose is to give a brief treatment of the declaration and the fulfillment of other prophecy.

By prophecy I mean the declaration of the mind and will of God, to his people, by one chosen and inspired to speak for, and in behalf of a Deity. A prophet shares the counsels of God and asserts His word. He incites fear, utters warning, and inspires men to life and action. The blessing of the Almighty gives him understanding. He denounces sin, preaches righteousness, and makes prophetic promise. No less a writer than Dr. J. M. P. Smith writes:

"It is for the modern prophet rather to face the facts of life with open eye, to read the message of God to the age as it is revealed in those facts and processes, and to surrender himself in the full assurance of faith to the task of declaring and interpreting that message to his fellowmen. So will prophecy live again and religion once more become a quickening power upon the minds of men."^{*}

IT is in the light of the quickening power of prophecy and the evident assurance of promise that the ensuing thoughts are presented.

To the Prophet Joseph Smith, at Hiram, Ohio, in November, 1831, the Lord declared Himself thus:

^{*}J. M. Powis Smith. *The Prophet and His Problems* (New York, 1923), p. 235.

"And again, verily I say unto you, that it is your privilege, and a promise I give unto you that have been ordained unto this ministry, that inasmuch as you strip yourselves from jealousies and fears, and humble yourselves before me, for ye are not sufficiently humble, the veil shall be rent and you shall see me and know that I am; not with the carnal, neither natural mind, but with the spiritual." (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 67:10.)

ALL of us may not be permitted to behold such visions as that presented to Joseph Smith in the spring of 1820, in which he saw the Father and the Son, or that given the Prophet and Sidney Rigdon, at Hiram, Ohio, on Feb. 16, 1832, in which they beheld the Son sitting on the right hand of the Father and received the assurance that they live:

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony last of all, which we give of him, that he lives;

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God, and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father." (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 76: 22-23.)

WE may, however, having stripped ourselves of jealousies and fears, and having humbled ourselves before God, behold the veil rent and see him and know that he is, not with the carnal or natural mind, but with the spiritual.

The significance of this matter is that the inquiring mind of a humble, prayerful person may be enlightened; and a testimony may be implanted therein, when that mind is quickened by the Spirit of God. In spiritual vision, then, man may see God and know that he exists. To the truth of this declaration, hundreds of thousands of Latter-day Saints raise their voices in words of gratitude and songs of praise.

IN a manner scarcely less apparent than that of witnessing God with the spiritual mind, the righteous man may obtain wisdom and hidden treasures of knowledge. To the psychologist or the philosopher who may believe in a Pantheistic God, such a statement as that of obtaining hidden treasures of knowledge is absurd. To him who believes in a personal Father, ca-

pable of manifesting himself to his children, the statement is prophetic and sound.

In Section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord has made plain a code of regulations and suggestions which underlie self-preservation, physical health, mental discipline, and spiritual culture. Predicated upon obedience to these suggestions is the following assurance:

They "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures."

This, being the word of God, is prophetic. Was not its fulfillment made plain in the intellectual life of him to whom it was revealed on Feb. 27, 1833? To many young men who devote their lives to the pursuit of knowledge, the growth and development of Joseph Smith's intelligence is a challenge.

FROM what teachers did Joseph obtain the training that enabled him to present the philosophy of life, here and hereafter, which he propounded to the world? Many thoughtful people find permanent satisfaction in the contemplation of that philosophy. Is it man-made? Was it given by inspiration? Recent investigation has proved that his knowledge of translating records from an ancient to a modern language is valid and specific. In his thesis which he submitted to the faculty of the Graduate School of Arts and Literature of the University of Chicago, Prof. Sidney B. Sperry has pointed out that the text of Isaiah in the King James' version of the Bible, in so far as it parallels that of the Book of Mormon, contains two hundred verses within which are italics. "The Book of Mormon has different translations in the main, where italics occur, in ninety-six verses out of the two hundred." Prof. Sperry then concludes, after having considered the nature of the words in italics, that the evidence of Joseph Smith's independence in translating the text of Isaiah is striking. Furthermore, (Continued on page 592)

Bill's Shadows

By
HARRISON R. MERRILL



WHEN Bill Gardner opened his eyes he found himself lying on a training table in the club house. The university doctor and Coach Karl Winston were bending over him.

He attempted to sit up. It was then he became conscious of pain.

"Take it easy," the doctor admonished, busying himself with his first-aid materials. "Did you hear the little birdies?"

Bill comprehended. He had been "out" before in high school.

"No birds out there," he responded, masking his pain as best he could. "Did I stop him?"

THE doctor helped him to a sitting position and arranged a support for his back before he set to work with his bandage.

Coach Winston winked at the medical man.

"His old dad over again," he said whimsically. "What matter a few bones if he stopped him?" Then turning to Bill—"You threw him out of bounds. Staeger 'll have to win after that."

Bill grinned happily.

"Was afraid I was too late."

"Bill Gardner's son!" the coach mused. "There was a great football machine. I've never seen his equal before or since. Always felt with him in the game that I just about had two teams on the field—especially on defense. Tackled like a tiger."

BILL'S heart thrilled. He had always looked upon his dad as a modern Hercules.

"You got his fire, youngster," Coach Winston continued, "but not his physique." He felt the skinny leg dangling from the training table. "He'd a made two of you, son, but he never at his best charged better than you did out there today."

"Glad you liked my stuff," Bill managed to mumble. "He told me nothing but my best would be good enough for Staeger."

The old coach, graying around the temples, glanced up at the ceiling and swung back on the hind legs of his chair.

"But I wouldn't play any more football—if I were you."

"No more football!" Bill jerked around to face the coach. The doctor swore.

"NOPE—body and spirit don't match, son," the coach said gently. "You've got old Bill Gardner's spirit cramped up in that skinny body somehow—I saw your dad out there in that tackle you made. That's why I came in. Old Bill without his tousled head; old Bill with the meat all off."

"Well, what of that?" young Bill asked.

"That's what." The coach pointed to the bandaged shoulder. "Old Bill Gardner's spirit will tear that puny body to pieces in a football game.—Nope, you're not to play football any more this year at all, even if you recover in time. That's settled. I loved old Bill too much for that."

"No more football?" Bill questioned ruefully. "That'll be a blow to Dad. He's expecting

me to be at least one wing of the line. He's just got his heart set on that."

"Tut, tut." The coach rose, his chin thrust out pugnaciously. "Who's coach here, me or old Bill Gardner? No more football for you this year—do you hear?"

"What about next year?" Bill asked anxiously.

"We'll see—next year. If Bill Gardner's spirit gathers some of Bill Gardner's beef, some of his iron, why—"

But the door which closed after the coach as he went out shut off the remainder of his sentence.

"There you are," the doctor announced as he gathered up his materials. "A broken collar bone and a badly wrenched shoulder for you."

But Bill Gardner paid no attention to the doctor. He was not to play football, and he thought he knew how his father would feel about that—his father who had set his heart on seeing his son play the game for Staeger in which he himself had starred a quarter of a century earlier.

BILL returned for his sophomore year with high hopes, but they were soon blasted.

"Nope," the old coach said after examining him at the opening of school, "it's just out of the question, Bill. You're not going to play football on any of my teams. I'm not going to have you run some of those brittle bones through my ambitious freshmen."

No amount of argument would change him.

"It'd be the same old story," he finished bluntly, "a broken rib, a fractured collar bone, a smashed ankle—nope, you'll have to go in to something else for your letter, if you're going to make one at this school. Plenty of sports besides football. Jump into one of them and show your stuff."



A FEW days later Bill received a letter from his father that twisted his face into a pathetic grin. In it the elder Gardner said that he had looked in vain through the football prospects at Staeger University for that of his son. Now Bill knew that his name would not appear in those lists either this year or ever.

Despite the fact that he had worked all summer on Lake Michigan as life guard in the hope that the out-of-doors and plenty of exercise would aid him in putting on "beef," as Coach Winston had called it, he had not grown heavier. His muscles were all right, he knew—as tough as whip cord—but stretched on pipe stems. He could almost see every one individually through his semi-transparent skin.

Bill crumpled up his father's letter which he had finished reading.

"Oh, well," he philosophized, "I'll just have to show him and old Winston that there's other ways than football to do big things."

HE flung out of his room and down toward the university. He'd look the situation over, pick out a good sport, and head in somewhere. He'd find a place. He'd show 'em.

He turned in at the gymnasium. He'd take a swim and think it over. Then he'd study over every inter-collegiate sport on the list and make his selection. That slender body of his would serve both him and the university or he'd know the reason why.

He could remember yet the scene at the Union station in West-over when his father had sent him away to the university. He could almost see the expression on his father's face, and hear the inflection of his voice, standing before the mural painting of a train of pioneer prairie schooners which adorned the half moon gable of the ceiling.

"Bill," he had said, "there's the stock you're from. Your ancestors were pioneers, men who would die before they'd quit. Your great-grandfather was captain of a pioneer wagon train like that; your grandfather was one of the first settlers of this valley. You

see, you have some mighty shadows back of you."

BILL remembered his own reply and his father's rejoinder.

"But the schooners sail no more over the desert seas," he had said, "and the last bit of land in this valley has been taken under the enlarged homestead act."

"Yeah, both were gone in my day," his father had replied. "But there are plenty of other ways in which you can show your stuff. I showed mine in football. You can do the same."

"Looks like it," Bill mumbled as he strode into the dressing room.

He was stirred up inside as he began throwing off his clothes. He could remember his father's unreasonable reply when he had reminded him of the difference in their weights and builds.

"The Lord only knows where you picked up those gander shanks and pipe-stem arms," he had exclaimed, as he grasped his son's waist with his two great hands. "I can almost span around you. But you're going to Staeger where the name William Gardner is engraved on their silver loving cups and trophies—where it stands for what those chaps up there stand for. I'd like to see William Gardner, Junior, on some of their cups."

AT that point, Bill remembered, Rad Bowen and his dad had come into the station—Rad with his huge white "W" blazing on his breast, a letter he, Bill Gardner, had been unable to win because of his brittle bones that would not stand football. He had felt like tweaking Bowen Senior's nose when that gentleman casually mentioned the fact that Bill had not made his letter. That was one of Bill's bitterest memories.

Just now he could not forget that it was against Rad's thigh that he crashed in that frosh football game when he had broken his collar bone and had been eliminated from Staeger football for all time. He knew that Rad was not to blame for the accident, yet he felt that he would have to wipe that memory out sometime.

He threw his clothes into the locker and slammed the door. His face twisted into a cynical grin as

he remembered his father's parting words:

"This means a lot to me, son," he had said at the car steps. "For twenty years I've dreamed of this day—when I'd be sending a boy back to Staeger; when once more the old battle cry would call a Gardner to defend the Gold and Blue. In a few minutes you'll be on your way bearing my dreams. In you are powers of which you are not aware. As great shadows, but real figures your great-grandfather is there; your grandfather, who cut ten thousand feet of lumber in a day with an axe, is there; and I am there. When your hour comes, you are to answer for all of us."

"I have all right," Bill grunted disgustedly. "I've answered. Dad's plumb off his bean about that football business, but—I guess there's nothing to do about it."

HE seized his towel and started for the showers and the pool.

"I'll have to find a way to surprise 'im—I'll find a place somewhere—got to. I'm going to give those said Shadows their chance or my name ain't Gardner. We'll see just what those Shadows are worth in a pinch."

In this aggressive frame of mind, he took his place on the rim of the tank where he paused for a moment spreading his long arms like thin rudimentary wings. Then he plunged in and sped over the surface of the water. He turned at the end with a jack-knife movement he had mastered racing between piers on Lake Michigan and sped back.

When his hand grasped the canal running around the pool and he drew his head above the concrete floor, he found himself looking up into an eager and animated face ornamented with two bird-like eyes.

"Here, come here," the little man on the floor exclaimed. "Come into my office."

Bill climbed out wondering if his bony body was now to be banished from the pool also.

THE little man closed the door carefully behind them, then he danced over in front of Bill and looked up approvingly.

"Say, where did you get that?"

(Continued on page 584)

POETRY

Memory

By Mary Hale Woolsey

MEMORY'S a treasure-house, built of golden hours,
Filled with precious moments—precious just to be;
Things, perhaps, no other knew, or knowing, would remember—
Ever hold a favored place in secret reverie.

Here's a day of long ago—a flawless gem of springtime,
Green of leafy bough and gold of sun and blue of sky;
Here's a song that thrilled me, from a joyous woodland singer,—
Every note my heart can echo, clear and sweet and high.

Here's a blossom, waxy petal wet with dew of morning,
Still in full perfection, for remembrance keeps it so;
And a butterfly that flitted, radiant prophecy of sunshine,
'Cross a path dark-shadowed by a cloud of fear and woe.

Here's a friendly hand-clasp, which when life was dark with doubting,
Came with someone's smile and words of sympathy and cheer;
This, an angel-touch of softly-curling baby fingers;
That, a crystal jewel, was a limpid childish tear.

Memory, my treasure-house, built of golden hours,
Filled with joy and sorrow, pain and rapture, life complete!
Time hath bade the passing years to sift and blend and mellow—
Draw the sting from bitterness, and concentrate the sweet.

The Poplars

By Mary Hale Woolsey

ACROSS the valley, row on row,
Lombardy poplars straightly grow
Towards the watching sky—
Like soldiers bold and bravely tall,
In uniform so handsome all
And gayly marching by.

Across the valley, mile on mile,
Through winter's bleak and dreary while
Like soldiers bearing arms—
They braved the whirling blizzards white,
Or, gauntly waiting through the night,
Stood sentinel 'gainst the storms.

But under skies no longer cold
The balmy days of spring unfold,
Earth's miracle re-made—
And o'er the valley, row on row,
Our gallant poplars gayly grow—
Soldiers on dress parade!

JUNE has a witchery all its own
—the loveliness of perfect hours
touched with the sadness which perfection brings. Gardens, brides,
and memories are woven into these
songs in a way which catches one
by the throat. Beauty, life's June-
time gift to her children, is the ink
in which the pen for these singing
lines is dipped, and through it they
become inviolate.

The Little Road

By Mary Hale Woolsey

THERE was a little winding road we
followed long ago;
Uphill and down it led, beneath kind
trees and smiling sky;
The little breezes played there, birds
flitted to and fro,
And flowers grew so close they touched
our hands as we passed by.

* * * True, this highway is smoother—
Lures us swiftly on and on
To a goal that's ever forward—
The miles behind are gone. * * *

And always there was time to spare along
the little road;
Long moments just to loiter if we
chanced to meet a friend;
For gaiety and laughter, or to ease an-
other's load—
There was no need for hurry, time
seemed to have no end!

* * * But the wide highway is crowded;
Eyes must be straight ahead.
We're anxious lest each hour
May be too quickly sped. * * *

Oh, somewhere near are little roads so
narrow and so sweet
(If we'll but leave the rushing, crowded
highway now and then)
Where each turning holds a secret, and
who knows but we might meet
Our own old carefree spirits on a Little
Road again!

June

By Mary Hale Woolsey

SKIES of the bluest—they're June's;
Longest and goldiest her days;
Her birds sing the merriest tunes;
Softest the zephyr that plays.
Clouds of the whitest aloft
On clearest of azure each day;
Tallest the grass underfoot,
And fairest her flowers so gay.
Greenest the shadowy wood—
Oh, she will be gone all too soon!
Earth in her loveliest mood
Welcomes superlative June.

In a Deserted Garden

By Mary Hale Woolsey

I WILL tread softly here, where once
you trod,
Dear, busy gardener of long ago!
Between these crumbling walls you used
to know,
Along these walks you laid so smooth,
and broad,
I will tread softly—for the very air
Seems fragrant with the dreams you
planted here.

Your hands long since were stilled; no
other came
To tend the flowers you loved so dearly
then
—Yet every spring your lilacs bloom
again,
And iris bluely blossoms just the same.
Pale daisies struggle up among the weeds.
And violets are hiding just below;
Upon the wall the rambling roses grow,
And honeysuckle, where the wild bee
feeds.
Each summer brings the yellow roses.
too,
To scatter spicy sweetness all around;
Verbena spreads a carpet on the ground
And hollyhocks stand tall again for you.

Flowers and walls your dreams still hold,
I know;
Perhaps, to tend the spot you held so
dear,
Your spirit self at dusk may linger here!
—Oh, in your garden, I will tread softly
* * * so * * *
Finding me here, you'd know I love them,
too,
These flowers so sweet with memories of
you!

An Old Mirror Speaks

By Mary Hale Woolsey

IT is June!
I know by the rose in her hand,
By the gown that she wears—should
not I,
Who have mirrored them many and many
a year,
Know what frocks are worn when
summer is nigh?
It is June!
But I need not look at the rose,
Nor a gown need my calendar be!
'Tis June by the light in her shining eyes,
By her lips smiling tenderly.

It is June!
Sweet maiden, a-thrill with dreams,
I know what he whispered tonight!
—Before me, so many a maid has stood
With her face aglow with that same
love-light.
Dream on, of orange-blossoms and lace,
And dream of your tall lover close by
your side!
It is June!
Soon again to my silvered depths shall
turn
The joy-hallowed face of a bride.

A Touch With Gen. Lew Wallace and With an Unknown

By PRESTON NIBLEY

NOT long ago I received a letter from the Editors of the *Improvement Era*, asking me to get in touch with a brother named George W. Vogel, at the Soldier's Home, Sawtelle, California, and that he would have an interesting story for me relative to an incident, during the Civil War, in which he figured with General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur." This was about all the information I had, when I set out to find Brother Vogel.

THE Soldier's Home is a beautiful place, lying mid-way between Los Angeles and Santa Monica; the ocean on the west and the beautiful Santa Monica mountains on the north. For the veterans of our wars, no spot on earth could be more pleasant, in which to spend their peaceful and declining days. For many months I had daily passed through their grounds and had seen them loitering and resting here and there beneath the pepper trees and the palms. The old veterans, waiting patiently for the final bugle call; looking forward calmly to the last great change.

I was not long in locating Brother Vogel; a stocky, sturdily built man, now in his eighty-eighth year; in full possession of his faculties despite the heavy burden of his years. We sat down in a shady nook to discuss my errand.

"Yes," Brother Vogel said, "I had enlisted in the summer of 1862 and was sent with the Ohio volunteers into Kentucky. I remember we crossed the Ohio river on a pontoon bridge. Near Covington we brushed against the enemy. I found myself with several others, on General Buckner's plantation, in his peach orchard, firing at the Southern soldiers.

IT was a hot fight, all day long we loaded and fired, and bullets

from the enemies' guns seemed to be coming from every direction. Nearly all the peach trees were cut down by shells. However, I stood my ground and toward close of day found myself still there, unharmed. As the Southern soldiers withdrew and firing almost ceased, I turned and saw a few men coming on horse-back out of a wash behind me. When they rode up I soon noticed that the leader was a general; a young man in his thirties, and yet he wore a beard and had the look of a seasoned officer. He asked me if I had a drink of water, and I replied that I had. Then he inquired, 'Young man, do you say your prayers?' I replied, 'Yes, my mother taught me to pray.' He replied, 'Well, I have been watching you during the afternoon from the wash below, and I believe that your mother's prayers saved you to-day.' He shook hands with me, told me that I was a good fighter, and introduced himself as General Lew Wallace.

ABOUT thirty-five years later I was superintendent of a mine, south of Marysville in Southern Utah, and one day when I went to the postoffice there was a box of books for me, which, on opening, I found to be the works of Lew Wallace. How he had remembered me or gotten my name, I do not know, but they were sent by himself. I regret to say that during subsequent years in my moving around these precious volumes were lost."

"How did you come to join the 'Mormon' Church?" I asked Brother Vogel. "Well, that is an interesting story, too," he replied. "I was born right near Kirtland, Ohio, where the 'Mormons' once lived. My father, Peter Vogel, was a friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and on two occasions he



GEORGE W. VOGEL

hid Joseph in his cellar while the mob was hunting for him. The Prophet gave my father a copy of the first edition of the Book of Mormon, and this was always a prized possession in our family.

AFTER the war I drifted west, and finally settled in Colorado. Here I met with a very peculiar experience which changed the whole course of my life. I was running a hotel at Walsenburg, Colorado. One forenoon I was asked by the hotel cook to go over to the Levi Grocery Store for something he had forgotten to order. The Levi House stood on a corner diagonally across from my hotel. As I was crossing the street a very fine looking gentleman with a suit of brownish color, and a brownish hat approached me. He extended his hand and said, 'You are George William Vogel.' I scanned him for a moment and answered, 'Yes, that is my name.' I took him to be a traveling man, as they often came in from the larger cities. I said, 'You have the best of me.' He did not give me his name, but as we shook hands I never had such a feeling pass through my body. He then spoke, saying, 'I am sent to you by the Master.' He told me that I had been considerably worried about my brother John, who at this time was employed by an English whaling company, on the different islands of the Behring Sea.

in the Arctic region. I told him that I had been worried about John, and he replied, 'Do not worry about him any more; he is all right, and there is a letter on the way to you from him.' Sure enough, three days later I received a letter saying he had resigned his position with the company and that he was on his way to Tacoma, Washington.

THEN the stranger read my past to me like a book. He said that the destroying angel had tried to take my life on numerous occasions, but that I had been spared. He reminded me of the time when at the age of four years I had fallen down a well at our old home in Ohio, and had been saved by climbing into the bucket while my mother drew me out. He related incidents which had occurred all through my father's family, giving me the names of the dead, and of the living, and where they were. He told me about my little sister Julia, who had died as a child. He also related to me how my life had been spared on numerous occasions during the war. He further said, 'You are a chosen spirit, and your mission on this earth is that you shall be a savior to your father's household. You will yet go into the temple of the Master, and do a great work for your kindred dead.' He told me to be prayerful, to listen to the promptings of the spirit and that I would be guided and directed to Zion.

'I became so very much interested that I begged my new-found friend to go over to my hotel and wait until I ran my errand, and that we would have dinner together and talk further. He said, 'Before I go, do you wish to ask me anything? If so, I will answer whatever you wish to know.' I was so amazed that I did not know what to say, but again requested him to step over to my office at the hotel. I told him we would eat dinner and visit the whole afternoon. I then went across the street to the Levi Grocery, and in a few minutes returned and inquired of several who had seen us talking together if they knew who the gentleman was, and where he had gone. No one seemed to know. Arriving at my hotel, I found he was not there. I 'phoned the La Veta Hotel; no

such person was there and no one had ever seen him. I 'phoned down to Cucharas Junction to Mr. Fred Roof, the agent there, but he had not seen any one answering the description. I 'phoned to Mr. Foster, on the Apashapa, but he had not seen any such person around.

"There were two trains a day running north and back from Denver. The conductor and passengers ate dinner at my hotel, and I inquired of them all if any of them had seen such a man as I described, but no one had seen him, and I never saw him again."

THE above circumstance made a deep impression on Brother Vogel's mind, but he did not know what to make of it, and could not satisfy himself with any explanation. So he went about his daily tasks as heretofore, wondering, wondering. Subsequently he sold out his hotel, took a position with the Standard Oil Company, and was sent to Salt Lake City to straighten out some difficulty there. It was his first visit, and he was greatly interested in the

sights, the Temple, the Tabernacle, and the splendid manner in which the city was laid out. He put up at the Valley House, that historic old hotel which is now nothing but a memory, and gradually, in drifting around, made a few friends. Someone, he has forgotten who, induced him to attend a "Mormon" meeting, and there, to his great astonishment, he heard expounded the same doctrines that he had heard from the mysterious caller in Walsenburg, Colorado. From that time on, his whole duty was clear before him, and he was not long in applying for baptism.

THIRTY-FOUR years have come and gone since Brother Vogel allied himself with the "Mormon" Church, and he is still here with us, ripe in wisdom, experience, and the blessings of the Spirit. He looks calmly forward to the great change, which now cannot be so far away, and with a pleasing hope of meeting the members of his father's family, and his many friends and relatives, whom he has labored for, according to promise, in the temples of the Lord.

Heritage

By M. Jenkins Jones

WE may divide the people of this old world of ours into two classes, materialists and idealists.

The materialist sees the plain, cold facts—nothing more. The idealist sees the plain, cold facts—and something more. He stops not here. A materialist may wander through a garden of roses and see the roses merely because he is passing among them. An idealist may wander through the same garden. He sees the roses, not as mere roses, but as bits of heaven, as breaths of God. Each flower whispers to him a word of hope, and faith, and love. And he goes on his way refreshed and inspired. The further he goes the more he sees of the handiwork of the Almighty—of Nature. The laws of Nature are the thoughts of God.

THE Indian hears the voice of the omnipotent in the cool wind, in the wash of the water as it dashes over the rocks and in the songs of the birds. He sees His touch in

the beautiful flowers and blue sky. He sees in the crystal-like lake the smile of the Great Spirit.

In obeying the laws of Nature, one is brought closer into the presence of the Holy One. He may be tempted or ridiculed by his fellow-men, but 'It matters little what man may think, but it matters much what God may think.' In obeying the laws of Heaven we obey the laws of the land.

LET us not be like the virgins who did not have enough oil for their lamps while awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom.

Let us all be idealists; let us be more alert and learn the laws of Nature and obey them, and let us learn the laws of the land and obey them also. We shall build up for our children a heritage that is worth something—a heritage of idealism. Teach the children the laws of the land and their idealism will not allow them to break these laws.

The Protection of Adolescents

By VALERIA H. PARKER, M. D.

Former President of National Council of Women

THROUGH years of intensive effort in the educational field, many of the old prejudices and inhibitions toward the subject of sex have been dispersed, and a large proportion of those responsible for child training are ceasing to consider the sex instinct as essentially degrading, something not to be spoken of, and to be thought of only in secret, and are realizing the possibility of training it toward creative outlets and wholesome personal affections instead of permitting it to drift into undesirable channels.

AS a result of this changing attitude, an increasing number of parents are found who have prepared themselves to meet their opportunity of interpreting the facts of reproduction truthfully to the young child, of preparing the pre-adolescent child for the physical changes incident to his coming maturity, and of entering into the understanding and confidence of the unstable adolescent in his struggle for emotional and social adjustments, thus insuring a more stable understanding and satisfactory attitude toward the alluring adventure of his own mating and home-building. The embarrassing silence, the mysterious postponement, the household myth offered formerly to the trustful child who showed a natural interest in the origin of new life have given place to a more truthful and satisfying explanation based on scientific fact, clothed in dignified yet simple language, conveying something of the universality of the process by which new life unfolds from other lives and something of the strength and tenderness of the tie which binds together the members of the family.

FOR too long the vocabulary dealing with sex consisted on the one hand of the obscenities incident to the street and school yard, shocking and yet stimulating to the curiosity of the uninitiated victim of the stork story, and on

the other of the scientific terms available to students of medicine and other sciences. Through the development of simple scientific and non-sentimental material for the layman, a vocabulary consistent with the dignity and importance of the subject has been developed so that the child need not learn his first facts concerning the "gift of life" from those who have wallowed in the mire of filth and obscenity.

In the fields of general health and hygiene, and training of mind and character, the early years of childhood are recognized as of vital significance. Attitudes, impressions, habits, are firmly rooted during the first twelve years of life, and bear largely upon adult character and habits. How important, then, that care should be taken to see that the child's first impressions of sex should unfold naturally, that its interpretations are given him by those most interested in his character development, since his later sex choices and habits may be so largely influenced thereby. During the pre-adolescent years, the eager questioning mind governs a body in which sex is largely dormant, and the child thinks of himself as the created rather than the creator. Then is the time to acquaint him with the wonders of the reproductive process by which the world of plants and flowers renews itself each springtime, by which it is peopled always with birds and animals and fishes, by which his own race moves on from generation to generation.

HERE is the period when "Tell me a true story" is insistently heard and no story can be made to carry more fascination and interest than the one which tells of the tiny egg, no larger than the point of a pin, which having received its other half of life from Father, grew in a safe place in Mother's body, until in nine months' time, nourished through her blood, sharing her strength, after miraculous changes, his own little body was ready to come into

the world. To know how tiny garments were made ready beforehand, how plans for his future were talked of by those who loved him for months before they ever saw him, how his coming into the world meant pain and danger for Mother and anxiety for Father, all help him to understand a new and special value in his own life. All this will seem the more natural if he has already become familiar with the plant and animal parents and how their children grow. The training of the story teller is of less importance than his attitude of mind and manner. When these are free from embarrassment, none will be found in the child, providing his point of view has not already been distorted. Maeterlinck's "Intelligence of the Flowers," his description of the bridal flight of the queen bee; "The Way Life Begins," by Vernon and Bertha Cady; "The Three Gifts of Life," by Nellie M. Smith; "Plant and Animal Children; How They Grow," by Ellen Torelle, are among the many sources of interesting and inspiring material for the story teller.

No longer need the adolescent boy or girl pass through the bewilderment of physical changes, the storms of emotional tension, the vagaries of sexual attraction, fearful, lonely and misunderstood. Social hygiene supplies wholesome knowledge and understanding which may stimulate a pride in developing manhood or womanhood; the conscious sublimation of instinctive and pressing emotions through interesting regular and constructive work as well as in wholesome recreational and athletic outlets, together with such an idealization of the possibilities for development and happiness which lie in married love as may bring practical results in the protection of the love instinct, from disastrous exploitation or adventuring.

YOUTH is the natural period for joy. Here are found great driving energies, sparkling ideals, freedom from full responsibility, keen sense of enjoyment, new pride

in personal appearance, and yearning for the beautiful. Here are the dreams and visions of the happy ending to the story—"and life went happily ever after." Here, too, are the bitter loneliness, the flashing moods of depression, the black feeling of being misunderstood, the bewilderment over the pull between custom and desire, the rebellion at interference with developing individuality and against the stupid usualness of life. How carefully must now be considered the needs of this soon passing child—all unused to his growing body with its new attractions and desires and its new reactions to the outside world. To the biological and physiological knowledge, social hygiene now adds a new knowledge of the psychology of the emotions—an appreciation of what is involved in wise choice of friends and conduct and of how easily the present substitute may dazzle one to mar or to destroy a future, enduring joy. Now comes the need for understanding social relationships, pride of face, responsibility to future generations, the relation of the individual to society—for in this period he must gather in large part through his own choice, the associations and impressions which will mold his adult years and make or mar them.

The girl who dreams of the fairy prince and frequently mistakes him in her eager watching for his coming, may, with care, be stimulated to make herself more worthy of his coming and to fore-swear the gay raiment and debonaire mien of her dream lover for a reality less romantic, yet more durable for the wear and tear of everyday life. The boy whose eager fancy is attracted by beauty arrayed in loveliness, and who longs impulsively for its complete possession, can be aided to enrich his definition of beauty and to demand it in its fullness. He can be helped to find out that wifehood and motherhood require more than will merely delight the eye and the senses. His struggle for clean living is a real and intense combat, once he is launched upon it. We must not fail to give him clear and definite understanding as to the importance of the victory and to point out the weapons which will aid him as well as the subtle enemies to be feared.

Community and School Help

THE school as well as the home is commencing to recognize the importance and possibility of including simplified sciences, practical physiology, and physical education in the lower schools as well as the high schools and colleges. This means practical aid in meeting personal and social sex problems for the great mass of children who pass from the grammar grades into the great industrial world with its many moral and health hazards for those who are wholly unprepared. The church and Sunday Schools are fast recognizing their responsibility in replacing vague and half-understood statements concerning "purity" by direct sex character training. From all these efforts we may hope to avert some of those tragedies of young lives traceable to the failure of home, church and school to recognize the need of and to provide adequate training and guidance for a strong and fundamental instinct. By such methods we may hope to bring about a preparation for mating and parenthood which will decrease the proportionate number of broken homes and the consequent disaster to child life.

The licensing and supervision of public amusement places and the provision of adequate and wholesome opportunities for recreation are of equal importance in preventing the misuse of the child's natural need of, and in meeting his overwhelming desire for play and emotional outlets. Such group activities as are developed through the Bee-Hive Girls, the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Woodcraft League and the host of other organizations for youth are of inestimable value in meeting the social yearnings of boys and girls.

QUITE naturally their eager restless energies demand frequent and thrilling good times. Boys and girls have sought one another for joyful adventures since the world began. Any attempt to thwart or to repress the joy demand or the urge for friendship and admiration from the other sex but swells the rebellious tide. Together, boys and girls will find their good times—and all too often their tragedies—together. Can we not avert the

tragedy and preserve the joy? Here is our hopeful task—the frank understanding of the need of the joy and the companionship—the planning of new delights and outlets for youthful energies and interests. Happy the home to which boys and girls in search of good times may be always sure of a welcome and a place for their romping and their laughter.

There is no truth in the oft repeated statement that the young people of today are worse than those of the former generation. They are, however, confronted with new conditions for which they need a new education and preparation if they are to meet them successfully. To summarize this preparation it must include three definite factors—First, knowledge of the laws of health, including those especially relating to manhood and womanhood. They should have opportunity to know of the powerful fluids which accumulate in special glands in early adolescence and, absorbed back into the bloodstream, are responsible for the rapid changes of body and mind which are a characteristic of early adolescence. It is important that parents should understand these changes themselves and cultivate both patience and a sense of humor to carry them through the unstable and difficult period as close companions of the young people who learn more from example than from precept. It is hard to see the affectionate, demonstrative child depart; and the self-opinionated, non-demonstrative, reckless young person sometimes makes us anxious, but it is necessary that he should now learn to make his own choices, and wise that the older generation should try to assist by providing knowledge of human relationships and the possibility and desirability of emotional control. Playing with fire in the emotional world is as dangerous as elsewhere. Both the boy and the girl need to know that the fight for clean living is possible and bears a relationship to future happiness.

THE second necessity for the protection of adolescence is the provision of outlets for youthful energies.—These are work and play. Work should be interesting and develop unfolding abilities. It

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Out of the Burning

By

IVY WILLIAMS STONE

Chapter Seven

LIKE a nine days' wonder the news spread through the town—Judge Harrison had found his lost daughter! People began to recall the occasion of the kidnapping. Women engaged in heated arguments over whether it had been a lilac or a snowball bush that had sheltered the twin-buggy. The story of the dyed hair and the injured foot skipped from mouth to mouth, losing nothing in the telling. The poor child had been bald-headed; no, her hair had been gray from abuse and malnutrition, like the Prisoner of Chillon: All ten of her toes had been torn and bleeding. Miss Eunice had snatched her from death. The child had shown good blood; funny the judge hadn't noticed her before that graduation night.

How would the pampered, indulged Portia accept her sister? Speculation ran high on this point. For Portia's gay, defiant attitude was common talk. Spike Reeves' yellow roadster, with its strident horn, had whirled madly along all the streets and highways, with Portia his constant companion. Consideration for another was foreign to Portia's standards. The necessity of sharing would come hard.

WHILE the town marveled and women gossiped, Portia and Pamela entered upon a difficult re-adjustment. They faced each other across a broad abyss. This chasm of life, nineteen years in the making, could not be bridged by the judge's announcement. "Portia, this is your long lost sister!" There was no guest chamber, so Portia had to share her room. The closet had to be divided, half the dresser drawers had to be emptied of a strange assortment, space had to be made

for Pamela's intimate belongings.

"It's like a dream; it doesn't seem real," mused Portia, pushing a pile of run down, soiled shoes into a far corner of the closet. "To think we are twin sisters, and have never slept together before!"

"It's less of a surprise to me than to you," replied Pamela. "for I've known all about it for three years. You see, I knew Father would want me sometime, so I was content to wait. And Mother has been so kind. I saw her nearly every day. And always I had Aunt Eunice."

IT'S all so sudden," Portia was really trying to be nice. "When you've been the only one, it makes you feel sort of queer to find your importance cut in two. I don't mean to be selfish, I've just never had to divide."

"The difference between our childhood," laughed Pamela, "is that you had more than enough of everything, and I never had enough of any one thing. I was always a little bit hungry. I never had enough shoes to keep my feet warm and dry. I can't recall a winter's day when I wasn't just a little bit cold."

"It made us different; it couldn't be otherwise," added Portia. "We look alike, and that's all. You are serious and sensible and bright. *Harrison intelligence*, Father calls it. I am frivolous and flighty. I hate studying. We are as different as if we came from separate worlds! What would you do Pamela," Portia continued with a touch of levity, "if you made a hole in one?"

PAMELA glanced in quick alarm at her new sheer silk hose. "I'd darn it immediately," she replied.

Portia enjoyed this immensely. "Do you know the difference be-



tween a mashie, a niblick, a driver and a putter? What do you know about tennis? What would you do first if you were put in a car and made to drive it?"

Pamela sensed that Portia was flaunting her own superior knowledge, so she hastened to answer with questions of her own.

"Where would you look to find a cardinal's nest?" she retorted. "And what are doty chips? What would you do if a huge kettle of sorghum boiled over? And do you know what would happen if you swept the floor after sundown? Do you know how many kernels of corn to drop in a hill? Which is better, to shell dried beans, or hang the vines from the rafters? Can you tell the difference between toadstools and mushrooms? Can you distinguish the cry of a preying hawk? Do you know how many broods of babies cardinals raise in a year?"

GOOD gracious," cried Portia. "I'd get zero on all those questions. You are just like Father. He fires questions at me so fast, I forget all I ever knew. I guess education only means how much you know of all you ought to know. I can swim and dance and ride. I play golf and bridge and tennis, but I couldn't cook a meal to save me. I've never worked a

single day; I've never earned one penny."

"And I," added Pamela, trying in her turn to get the point of view of her sister, "would be a misfit in your circle. I may learn to play, but I'll never forget how to work. Hot days, aching shoulders, poor food have left an indelible mark. I will always work."

"Why worry about work?" queried Portia in a bored tone. "I know you had a hard childhood, but better forget it. Dad has plenty of money. Enjoy yourself now, while you may. Mother will fix up this room with twin beds, and presently all will be lovely between us. Some day a nice man will marry you because you are the Judge's daughter."

FATHER may not always be judge," ventured Pamela.

Portia laughed scornfully. "He'll die in office, never fear! Why, he's married to that court room. No one would dare oppose him! My dear girl, for the last twelve years, both parties have endorsed his candidacy. It's too simple for words." She lay back upon the bed, kicked off her shoes and reached for a box of candy from under the pillow. "Wish they were better," she commented. "but my allowance was that near gone."

"I heard of a young lawyer who thought he might run against Father," began Pamela, but Portia was dozing and Pamela thought best not to press the subject.

THROUGH the summer months the Harrison twins were dined and feted. Echo made plans for another bedroom: wanted to order an expensive wardrobe for Pamela, but she desisted. "If Portia can put up with me for three months, all will be well," she explained. "I'm going in training as a nurse in September."

"I wish I had your courage and decision," lamented Portia. "You seem so confident. I sulk and pout and refuse to study, but all to no avail. I am

a fatalist. Father will pack me off to some law school, in spite of all I may do. I wish I might dare tell him I won't go. Where do you get your courage, Pamela?"

"From within me," stated Pamela simply. "I know what I wish to be, and I intend to train for it. I have to live my own life."

PAMELA tried to please her father. Anything she chose to do suited Mother Echo. And so Pamela played at golf. She struck wildly at the elusive little balls, missed, endangered her caddie. She could see no pleasure in the long hot tramps. She much preferred the huckleberry hikes of her youth. She was shocked to see cultured women haggle over technical points in a game and vie for a trivial prize. But by listening and having little to say, she was soon able to confirm her suspicion. Judge Harrison was to have an opponent at the approaching election. A candidate was coming up in the Democratic party. They would no longer endorse Judge Harrison.

HAVING lived away from her people, Pamela had a better opportunity to observe. Judge Harrison had not been able to please everybody. There were people disgruntled over his decisions. Some objected to his slogan, "The Law is no Respector of Persons." An ambitious young lawyer, a Legionnaire slightly wounded in the World War, announced his candidacy. Twenty years was long enough to serve. The bench needed new blood, more leniency, less literal interpretation of statutes. Pamela, with keen insight, sensed the danger to her father's position. He was a poor mixer. He was too austere. She knew he would not solicit votes; that he would have no paid workers; He would not campaign. If people wanted his services, they should take the initiative at the polls.

AT first Judge Harrison refused to believe that anyone would dare to oppose him. Finally, when forced to believe, he muttered contemptuously, "The arrogant little upstart. Why, he hasn't even cited a case in point!"

"Portia," said Pamela solemnly, toward the end of summer, "that war veteran is going to defeat our father."

"Pooh!" answered Portia. "You're a trouble rower. He hasn't a ghost of a chance."

"But you are wrong," persisted Pamela. "Father is too stilted. He simply won't unbend to people. You and I will have to elect him."

"And how?" queried Portia.

"You will go to your society friends. Tell them all what few people really know—that Father returned Steve Turner's farm to him, after paying the taxes for nearly thirty years. Tell them he never prosecuted the Turners for kidnapping me. I shall go into Crow's Nest, and tell all the people there. I can speak their language. I shall persuade people to vote who have never done so before. It would near-



"I come ter marry ye, Cutty"

ly kill Father to be defeated."

"He doesn't need the job," boasted Portia.

"Can't you see it is his life? That he knows nothing else? He would be lost—go into a decline—rust! If you will do your full part, and he is elected, I shall undertake to persuade him to let you choose your own college."

"Whoopee!" cried Portia all enthusiasm. "I'll work for that bait. Spike will help me!"

WHEN Pamela explained their plans to her father, he was emphatically opposed. "No daughter of mine shall pollute her maidenly reserve," he began pompously, and suddenly stopped. He remembered a similar speech with its quick result. Once he had said, "No daughter of mine shall carry trays and linens." And here Pamela had already signed up for training in the hospital.

"We shall work honestly, openly, courteously," explained Pamela. "The voting public doesn't really know you, Father. Only a very few people do. You are known to the first family settlers and those people who have to come to court. Hundreds of other voters never saw you. I am going to see that the women of the mountains register and cast their ballot. It's a privilege."

"That impudent young scamp!" spluttered Judge Harrison. "Presumptuous! Untrained! Not even native born!"

"People are sentimental about soldiers," added Pamela. "They will vote for him because he went over the top, not because he knows his Blackstone!"

JUDGE HARRISON sighed. What a comfort it was to have a daughter eager and willing to help. One who did not wheedle for money, who never pouted, who knew her own mind; who couldn't be cowed.

Under Pamela's systematic management the two sisters set methodically to work to sell their father to the voting public. To Pamela it was serious business. She could not bear to think of him bowed with defeat. He knew no other life. If defeated, he would cease to live. He would merely exist. To Portia, it was an exciting new game. She played more golf, attended more bridge teas, drove

faster, had more people listen to her than ever before. Her active brain evolved a fantastic tale of her father's generosity. He had been kind to the man who had stolen his child. What an example of good for evil. She stressed the great privilege of the ballot, awakened flagging interest. Women who had not voted for years, who spent their leisure at bridge tables and beauty parlors, suddenly found it was "quite the thing" to cast a ballot. You didn't have to give your real age!

PAMELA postponed her hospital training until after the election. Dr. Locke demurred, fearful lest she never come. "I sort of wanted you in good form when my boy Dick starts his internship," he explained. "He's got good stuff in him, Pamela, even if he is my boy. Girls like you make wonderful nurses, Pamela. Level headed. No hysterics at the sight of a drop of blood."

"I will come the day after election," promised Pamela.

Pamela went into Crow's Nest, where the meaning of election day was scarcely known. Because she spoke their language, the people listened. She had been one of them; knew their privations, their pride, their superstitions. She had no fear of the shaggy haired men who carried guns.

She offered no criticism of their mode of living. She could lend a hand at the kitchen tasks, could be trusted to watch a pot of bilin' syrup. She could read to starved souls, listen sympathetically to tales of physical miseries, could soothe a fretful child.

STEVE TURNER was genuinely glad to sponsor the cause of the man who had restored his home. Abe Walters, with unlimited leisure, volunteered to urge voting in the more remote dwellings, to see that people were registered. Had not this judge returned the farm to Millie's father? Surely they should vote. Cassie alternately cried and laughed over the return of Curly, told tales of her dipped hair to Millie's children, related all the details of the finding of the coal. Millie begged forgiveness for the precious book she had destroyed, and volunteered to name her next daughter Curly.

Pamela insisted upon one definite course. No campaigner should disparage her father's youthful opponent. She merely wanted people to vote; to know of her father's twenty years of service.

BUD TURNER, stalwart, dark eyed, keenly observant, said little in the presence of this new, confident Curly. He felt there was no need for speech. Had he not promised his mother he would marry her and bring her back to Crow's Nest? But this was no time for love making or settin' up. Curly's thoughts were centered upon the election. When that was over, Bud decided he would go down to town, marry Curly and bring her home. She didn't need no more larnin'. She had plenty now. She had better marry than live in that queer smelling hospital where people moaned and screamed and most often died! Et warn't no place for his Curly. Reasoning thus, he contented himself by making her gifts of early nuts and autumn leaves, and secretly biding the time of his wedding day. She would be a joy to Cassie, whose eyes were getting too weak for the difficult task of wool spreading.

"I'll tell ye, Judge," volunteered the county surveyor, dropping into the chambers after court, "that young soldier lawyer had a pretty good chance to beat you. As 'tis now, I calculate you'll win. But et'll be close; mighty close."

"I cannot reconcile myself to it," even to his court house associates the judge was frigidly polite. "Until this queer venture of m' sister's, the Harrison women were always content to remain in their homes. But my daughter Pamela is determined that the mountain people, particularly those residing in Crow's Nest, shall be educated to the full meaning of the ballot."

ELECTION day found the whole town more keenly interested than they had been for years. Other offices faded into insignificance besides the struggle for district judge. Why should a newcomer, unseasoned and unproven, displace one whose decisions had always been unbiased interpretations of the state's statutes? Did

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Original Y. M. M. I. A. Worker Called Home

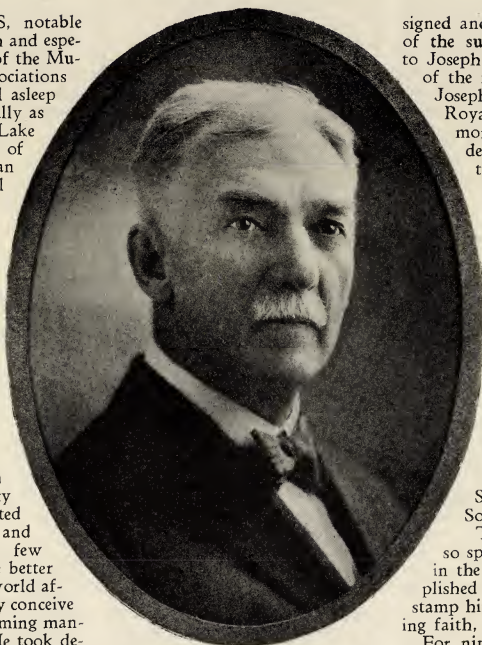
JUNIUS F. WELLS, notable figure in the Church and especially in the work of the Mutual Improvement Associations has passed on. He fell asleep suddenly and as peacefully as a tired child in Salt Lake City on the morning of April 15, and one can conceive of no mortal ending more in harmony with this worthy man's natural desires. Nothing could have been more distasteful to his active, alert spirit than to be bedfast either for a long or short period.

Of no modern man can it be said with better grace that "he went about doing good" than of Junius F. Wells. Few men in the entire community were better acquainted with Church history and doctrine than was he; few men in the nation were better posted on the trend of world affairs; and one can hardly conceive of a more polished, charming manner than he possessed. He took delight in accosting a friend on the street, or visiting him in his home or place of business, and he never failed to leave an uplifting and stimulating thought.

THE following was read at his funeral services which were held in the Assembly Hall, Sunday, April 20:

To Junius F. Wells the young people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints owe gratitude and love, for he was the founder under the Prophet Brigham Young, of their glorious organization, one of the greatest Associations of young men for the service of God in all the world.

On June 10, 1875, there was organized in the 13th Ward, Salt Lake City, the first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, with Henry A. Woolley as president and B. Morris Young and Heber J. Grant, now president of



JUNIUS F. WELLS

the Church, as his counselors. This epochal organization was effected by Elder Junius F. Wells, acting under appointment, and was the genesis of the Y. M. M. I. A. movement. From that day until his death, April 15, 1930, Elder Wells has been an active member of the General Organization of the Associations. For four years he stood at the head as general president, until in 1880 Apostle Wilford Woodruff was sustained as general superintendent.

The organization of the Mutual Improvement work, however, was not the only important undertaking performed by Elder Wells. He was active in many Church labors. He filled two missions to Great Britain, one from 1872 to 1875, another in 1919-21, and during parts of 1875 and 1876 in the Eastern States. In 1905 he de-

signed and supervised the erection of the superb granite monument to Joseph Smith and the erection of the memorial cottage on the Joseph Smith farm at South Royalton, Vermont, which monument and cottage were dedicated Dec. 23, 1905, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Prophet.

In 1918 he designed and supervised the erection of the monument in the Salt Lake City cemetery, which was dedicated on June 27 of that year to the memory of Hyrum Smith, brother of the Prophet, and the Patriarch of the Church. This magnificent shaft is an exact replica, except as to size, of the Joseph Smith monument at South Royalton.

These memorial works so splendidly performed and, in the case of the first, accomplished under great difficulties, stamp him as a man of outstanding faith, devotion and ability.

For nine years he has been an assistant Church historian and has gathered historical data of distinctive value.

During all these years while engaged in his many and varied labors he has been deeply interested and active in the work most dear to his heart, the Mutual Improvement cause.

One of his outstanding achievements was assisting in the planning and execution of the great M. I. A. Jubilee parade in June, 1925.

Up to the last day of his life he was a source of inspiration and an active participant in the production of the great pageant—"The Message of the Ages."

The members of the General Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations recognize in Junius F. Wells a man of charming personality, outstanding character and sterling worth.

These qualities have endeared

him to us and bound us together in bonds of imperishable love and eternal fellowship. We know him as a faithful and devoted Latter-day Saint, and a valiant defender of the faith, who never wavered in his testimony to the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet, and the truth of the great work established in response to the command of the Father and of his Son Jesus Christ. Brother Wells' life and example have ever been an inspiration, encouraging us to press forward in the great work of Mutual Improvement and in the service of our Master and his Church and people.

We love him and revere his memory as a faithful, loving

Junius F. Wells

*HIS mind was set with precious gems,
Which when he met a friend,
Flashed forth with such rare brilliancy
Their luster could but tend
To fortify the soul.*

*How we shall miss him!
His gentle dignity,
His genial smile, his pleasant word,
The clasp of hands that friendship
stirred.
His memory, may it long remain,
He will not "pass this way again."
—Ruth May Fox.*

friend, a polished gentleman, a fearless servant of God, true to every trust, loyal to the brethren and to the Saints, always willing to sacrifice himself for the blessing of his fellow-men.

May his shining example ever live in the hearts and memories of the youth of Israel whom he loved so dearly, inspiring them to greater effort and grander accomplishments in the great work of God in the coming years.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
General Superintendent,
Y. M. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
General President,
Y. L. M. I. A.

Out of the Burning

(Continued from page 548)

people think Jimmy Harrison had a hundred year lease on that office? Wasn't it time for newer blood, a more youthful slant on life? Did the American Legion think they could run the town and displace a scion of a first family? Shouldn't a man's war sacrifice be rewarded? What a shame to take the office away from Judge Harrison, just when he had finally found his daughter. Thus conflicting gossip ran riot and through it all, Judge Harrison remained calm, dignified and reserved. He held court while ballots were being scratched and the whole court house was agog with excitement. He refused interviews, contending his previous record was his sole platform.

At the peak of the excitement, when men with lunch boxes and set determined faces, waited in line, Old Silas Hoggan created a diversion. He suddenly appeared, demanding a vote.

"I'm fur thet thar jedge what gimme the best home I ever knowed. Don't hev ter worrit over vittels down yonder," his high, cracked old voice expounded to all who would listen. "Sure! I'm free ter go, but ets the likeliest place I ever seed. I'm goin' back whin I'se had a chanct ter vote!"

AS on other momentous occasions Judge Harrison paced his library on election night. The birth of twin daughters, the

recovery of Pamela, the loss of the coal fields, were all subordinated to this struggle. He wondered what he would do if he really lost? How would he occupy his time? The prospect of spending his days at home, with only Echo to bow to his decisions, was not inviting.

It was characteristic of Portia that she dashed in with the returns at ten thirty.

"You made it, Dad," she announced, planting a moist kiss on each cheek of her protesting parent. "My, what a close race! Neck and neck you both ran till the returns came in from Crow's Nest. You got every vote in that forgotten hole. Seventy-nine of 'em, Dad. Behold the judge who succeeds himself!"

Pamela, calm as her father, offered more lucid explanations.

"Your majority is seventy-five votes, Father."

SLOWLY the truth penetrated to the judge's weary brain. "Am I to understand that I owe my re-election to Crow's Nest? That without them, I was defeated? Pamela, this was your work. It is your victory."

Pamela smiled her gratitude. Praise from her father was a new sensation.

"I now demand that I be permitted to attend a college of my own choosing!" Portia felt the

need of striking while the iron was hot.

"And you?" The judge turned to Pamela a trifle ironically.

"Only your benediction as I lead my own life," she answered. "I go in training to-morrow."

AFTER the excitement had subsided and the others had retired, the judge still paced the library floor. He had food for thought. To be defeated in his own district. To be really elected by a landslide from an ignored, forlorn, forgotten district. Surely Steve Turner had paid his obligation. The judge saw a warning. That young upstart had nearly put it over. This rising generation must be considered. He would have to unbend. Mix more with people. Be more human. He had been elected through the efforts of a child to whom he had once refused shelter. Portia would have her way. She would choose some fashionable finishing school and learn seventeen polite French phrases. She would learn to paint lakes and boats and flowers on useless china, and concoct indigestible sweets.

PAMELA found the life of a nurse no easy task. Long hours of petty routine; trays and baths, temperatures and linens; hot

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PAGEANT COMMITTEE

Standing, left to right: Junius F. Wells, Lester Hinchcliff, Anthony C. Lund, A. Hamer Reiser, Leroy Robertson. Ladies, left to right: Bertha Anderson Kleinman, Charlotte Stewart, Irma Felt Bitner, Ann Nebeker. Sitting, left to right: Tracy Y. Cannon, W. O. Robinson. Chairman George D. Pyper, Elbert H. Eastmond, Frank W. Asper.

Message of the Ages

THE great pageant, presented in the Salt Lake Tabernacle from April 6 to May 5, thirty consecutive nights, was witnessed by about 200,000 people.

Based on prices charged for the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, this would have cost the spectators more than half a million dollars.

Actually it did not cost them a penny.

Some who have seen both presentations have expressed the thought that it is a compliment to the German production, in spite of its three hundred years of continuous improvement, to compare the two.

Standing room admission was issued to approximately a thousand people each night, and many hundreds were turned away, disappointed, because they could not get into the building.

There were 30,000 applications for tickets on file when the presentation closed. Apparently the building would have been packed for another thirty days.

The mammoth stage required 30,000 feet of lumber, enough to construct three frame houses. More electricity was used each evening than is required to light

all the theatres in Salt Lake City.

The "message" itself was marvelous, but even more so was the spirit which entered into it. More than fifteen hundred people took part daily in the presentation. Of these 312 were members of the Tabernacle choir, 187 made up the staff of gate and doorkeepers and ushers, 50 were members of the symphony orchestra and 50 were staff and stage directors. The rest were actors.

The work of presentation and the weeks of preparation which preceded it was done gratuitously and gladly.

A prominent non-"Mormon" ecclesiastic said: "This pageant is the greatest uplift for Christianity that this country has ever seen. All of my flock who saw it are now coming to church."



GROUP OF M MEN WHO ACTED AS USHERS UNDER DIRECTION OF IRWIN R. CLAWSON

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

VII

The Empirical Basis of Moral Obligation

What Is the Empirical Basis of Man's Moral Obligation to His Fellow-men?

What Is the Nature of This Obligation?

How May It Be Fulfilled?

WHAT has made possible the type of life of the ordinary man of today in a progressive, civilized community? What kind of life might he be living were it not for the accomplishments of his fellow-men since the dawn of civilization? To answer the last question first, it may be affirmed with certainty that even the simplest material benefits of civilization would not be available to him. His shelter would be no better than that of some of the wild animals; his clothing, the untanned skins of wild animals; his food, the raw materials available in nature. All this because he would be without the use of fire, of tools, of domesticated plants and animals; in short, without the most rudimentary elements of civilization. In spiritual goods he would be still more destitute, with no written language, literature, history, or biography; no scientific knowledge; no practical arts; no fine arts; nothing to appreciate except what nature provides untouched by the imagination of a trained mind. What has enabled the man of today to escape from this gloomy situation? Is it not through the combined labors of his fellow-men through many generations? It is in the very nature of civilization that it is of slow growth, and that this growth comes about only through the contributions of many individuals and social groups, contributions to man's welfare that can be passed on from one generation to the next. Until such contributions

have been made, accumulated, and become available to each new generation there can be no civilization, and consequently no opportunity for the individual to enjoy its benefits.

THE eighteenth century type of individualism carried over by Herbert Spencer and others into the nineteenth century, could never have arisen had the facts of history been given due consideration. That each individual is an independent unit under no obligation to his fellow-men, except as he, of his own volition, assumes such obligation is, in light of social facts, absurd. No one can grow up in a civilized community without being under obligation to his fellow-men for practically all that he is as a social and civilized being. If he lives in a better house than did his ancestors; if he enjoys the conveniences of plumbing fixtures, gas, electricity, telephone, radio, automobile, and a hundred other material conveniences of today, is he then under no obligation to anyone? Some one may answer,

"He has worked, earned money, and paid for all these things." Could he have worked as he has and earned the money had not the conditions for this work been likewise gradually developed and passed on to him by his fellow-men? Furthermore, suppose by some miracle he otherwise obtained the money to buy, none of these conveniences would be purchasable

had they not first been invented, manufactured on a commercial scale, and distributed for sale, all of which involves the labors of thousands. The next question may well be, "Does he not give his own labor to his fellow-men in exchange for all of these benefits, and thus discharge his obligation to them?" If he does, the answer is, yes, but he has received much before his life's labor begins. He must, therefore, begin his life's work with a great debt to discharge.

What is the Nature of This Debt?

NO one can measure the extent of his social debt, nor count the millions to whom it is due. It is practically a limitless debt, and it is due to all humanity. The goods of civilization, often called the social inheritance, rightfully belong to humanity. They are its product. Do we owe a debt to Lincoln, Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, to Fulton, Morse, Pasteur and Burbank? Yes, to all of these, and to multitudes of other individuals that as individuals have passed beyond the possibility of our paying directly to them. Their contributions were made to humanity and so likewise must ours be made. We benefit from the past and the present; we pay back to the present and to the future. We have received not only all the material benefits of civilization but also our great spiritual inheritance—highly developed languages, world literature, masterpieces of art and music, free political institutions, philosophy and religion, and whatever else may be named as part of our spiritual possessions. If the man of today has a thousand times more knowledge than did his ancestors five centuries

THE nature and ethical significance of the social inheritance referred to briefly in this article, are more fully elaborated in the author's book, "Citizenship," An Introduction to Social Ethics. Chaps. I—VIII, and XIX.

ago it is not because he is necessarily more brilliant than they, or even more industrious, but because he is profiting by what has been done by millions who have gone before him. In this age of rapid progress he may very quickly profit by the labors of his contemporaries. New discoveries provide at once new conveniences, which he may use even though he may be very ignorant of the principle involved in these discoveries. Notable examples may be cited from the field of medicine and surgery. The non-medical man ordinarily wisely makes no pretense of understanding exactly how the medicine prescribed for him operates toward curing him; nor does he attempt to decide, without medical advice, whether or not he should undergo an operation or how the operation should be performed. On the contrary, his part is to have faith in the science of medicine and to have done for him what the best experts advise. In this age thousands of lives are thus saved. Do these men owe a debt to scientists and to the medical profession? Some one may say, "Yes, but they pay the debt in full before the matter is finally settled." Do they? Can mere money pay for the saving of a life? Is not the debt deeper and more fundamental? Does it not call for using that life and that restored health and strength in return service to humanity? The knowledge and the skill utilized in saving a life are not the product or the possession of one man, however eminent he may be. The individual physician, too, profits by the labors of others. He personally may be adequately paid by the financially well-to-do patient, but that is not the end of the obligation for either the patient or the physician. As a licensed physician he is morally obligated to give the best service within his power to his patient, irrespective of the ability or the inability of the patient to pay. This is not an ethereal or impossible ideal. It is part of the code of ethics of the medical profession and is often realized in medical practice.

SIMILAR illustrations might be drawn from other professions to illustrate the point that it is the primary business of each and every profession to serve fellow-men.

and that financial reward should always be subordinate to this end. This ideal may be more difficult to realize in the legal than in some other professions. The temptation comes too often to the lawyer to sell his services in a bad cause, and, unfortunately, some lawyers yield to this temptation, and so use their abilities "to make the worse appear the better reason," to thwart, instead of to promote justice, contrary to the ethical standards of their profession. This situation, however, at once suggests great honor to the lawyer who lives up strictly to the standards of his profession. There are such.

The principles of moral obligation here applied to professional men also applies to business and industry. The primary object of any business or industry is service to fellow-men. On no other grounds can it be justified.

IT is not uncommon to hear young men, and sometimes young women, ask about various forms of business with primary reference to the possibility of their use as means of making abnormally large profits. This is specifically the case with respect to the so-called "selling game," where the "get-rich-quick" individual may be looking for a commission to sell something in which there is "a big graft." In its worst forms this tendency in business is manifested in selling stocks in various promotion schemes in which the salesman gets a large cash down commission while the purchaser gets what often turns out to be a worthless piece of paper; it may be beautifully engraved, but otherwise neither ornamental nor useful. If this kind of business is not judged to be a violation of one of the Ten Commandments, it is, at any rate a gross violation of the standards of ethics as here conceived. These are, however, the abnormalities of business. It is to forestall such business practices that our "blue sky" laws have been enacted. It should be noted that not only does the standard of morals require service as the primary consideration, but so also do the laws of progressive states. It is not long since saloons for the sale of liquors were licensed by civil authority to do a business now publicly regarded as detrimental to humanity. This fact,

having taken hold of the public conscience, led to forbidding by law this form of business. The same is true of prostitution, of the sale of narcotics for other than strictly medical uses, of gambling houses, and exclusive gambling devices. All of these have been forms of business yielding profits to their owners or managers. Yet since they are not of real service, but, on the contrary, detrimental to mankind, conduct of any of these forms of business is made a crime.

LEGITIMATE business is concerned with delivering to people real values in response to their legitimate desires. Is not this true of "the butcher, the baker, and the candle stick maker," of the dealers in fuel, in electrical appliances, in plumbing fixtures, or what not that may and do contribute to human welfare? Businesses such as these and many others require manufacturing establishments as a basis of supply. Thus in the process of meeting human needs thousands of forms of service come into being. Each of these forms of service offers opportunities to men and women to fulfill, in some measure, their moral obligations to their fellow-men. These obligations are sometimes discharged as owners and managers of the industry or business; in more cases it is as an employee or agent of the industry or business. In any case both the owner and the employee should see the spiritual purpose underlying the work, a purpose which gives dignity and moral significance to what might otherwise be mere drudgery.

THIS attitude and point of view may perhaps be more easily acquired in the professions having to do with the non-productive forms of service. Since, in such cases, the products of the service are themselves spiritual it is easier for the worker to see the spiritual values in the whole process. Yet there are those in the professions, including even the profession of teaching, whose primary concern is with the financial reward they can get out of it. The writer is not objecting to adequate financial rewards to members of the professions, including teaching. It does, however, seem like prostitution of these professions to make financial returns the primary consideration.

What, If Any, Are the Limits of Moral Obligation?

THERE is no limit except that set by nature to the power and the opportunities of the individual to serve. Is the individual then to starve or ruin his health through privations in order to discharge his debt to humanity? No, because he cannot give his best and greatest service by this method. He should take a long-range view of his obligations. This will require that he spend the major portion of his childhood and youth in building up his powers of service; that in mature life he secure the nourishment, rest, and recreation necessary to keep his powers of service at their best, both as to their intensity and their duration through the period of a normal working lifetime. Thus can he render the greatest sum total of service to humanity. Most people are not likely voluntarily to deprive themselves unduly of the necessities of life for the sake of social service. Multitudes, however, dissipate and squander both their physical and mental powers in self indulgence and thus greatly diminish their powers of service to others, to say nothing of starving out the disposition to do so. In so behaving many of these people have the feeling that it is their privilege thus to indulge if they choose to do so. They are wholly unmindful of the great debt they of necessity owe to their fellows, and of the fact that they themselves are really defrauders of mankind.

DOES fulfilment of moral obligation as here conceived involve sacrificing the individual to humanity as a whole? No, the individual can himself rise to the highest type of personality only by losing himself as a separate, self-centered individual, losing this narrow, inward looking self in the service of mankind; this is the meaning of love of fellow-men and of good-will toward mankind. It is the most basic and essential element in moral character, and is primarily responsible for developing all the truly great men and women known to history. The principle is stated in striking form by the great master Teacher:

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."*

*Mark 8:35.

Putting the same thought in terms of modern ethics, it may be said:

He that would attain perfection

of character must lose himself in the service of mankind; thus only can he become a great moral character; thus only can he realize the highest spiritual life.

The Protection of Adolescents

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should not be so difficult nor the hours so long as to injure the growing body. Good times are a necessity and are enhanced when both boys and girls are sharing them. Plenty of opportunities for boy and girl companionships of the right sort should be provided, preferably in each others homes and in groups. Any public amusement places known to foster low standards and to permit lax conduct should be avoided.

Last and most important, our young people must be given high ideals as to the meaning of the family relationships and home building. The example of their parents will influence this—con-

stant quarreling in the home will not help them. We may aid them in understanding that during the adolescent years, one commences to gather those qualities which may make or mar their own homes later on. To meet, to fall suddenly in love, and to live happily ever after is fairyland—not human life. But to prepare constructively for the great adventure of love and parenthood is likely to bring about the founding of more homes that will weather the stress and strain of modern life. This after all should be the great end and aim of our protection of adolescence—that they may bear a brightly flaming torch to the next generation!

Out of the Burning

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packs and cold packs. The element of suspense ever present. Doctors' set, white faces; the struggle against death, supremacy of science over disease; complaints and moans. She early learned to distinguish between the stoical silence of genuine sufferers and the fretful wails of the near sick. Long hours and aching feet. Maddening repetition of insignificant details. The strength of near mothers, the miracle of birth. The tiny mites of humanity, individualistic with their first breath. The diet kitchen. Here Pamela learned the reasons for the unsightly risings which marred so many of the mountaineers. No wonder! Hominy, dried beans, fatty pork, macaroni, rice, Johnny cake! Pamela shuddered and increased her own consumption of green food. The clinic, with its poor, ignorant, eager mothers. The operating rooms, where life hung by a thread. The classes and lectures; the queer anatomical names, the rigid exam-

inations. The close supervision; the long hours; the lack of recreation. Often during those three years Pamela thought of her sister Portia. A star boarder in an exclusive school, learning superficial nothings, growing prettier and more polished, spending long vacations in idleness. But Pamela had Dr. Locke's cheery smile, his humorous banter, his never failing faith. He gave you confidence in yourself. And there was Dr. Dick, his son. With the straight-forward eyes and contagious smile. The nurses nick-named him "The Shadow," because he was always in attendance upon his father. If you wanted the one, you looked for both!

THROUGH these years Pamela had daily need for the power of endurance which early privation had taught; and an inner urge prompted her resolve. She

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Bridger's Indian Wife Dies

By CARTER E. GRANT

This is the seventh of a series of frontier narratives written by Carter E. Grant, Principal of the Jordan Seminary.—The Editors

BEFORE the close of the Salt Lake rendezvous on the Weber, 1826, as we have already learned, Jim Bridger had proved himself a formidable Indian fighter. After his discovery of the Salt Lake in 1824, he steadily forged ahead, but due to his "tender years," being but twenty when he first saw the Inland Sea, he found that "breaking-in" with the group of financial promoters was a bit slow; for Jim possessed neither education nor money, while the "head-lodgers," such as General Ashley, Jedediah S. Smith, Fitzpatrick, Sublette and the others, had both.

History tells us that while Jim was still a blacksmith at St. Louis, before joining Ashley's men in his eighteenth year, he had become expert with the rifle; and now, after four years of constant practice, it is stated, he drew a deadly aim with gun and pistol. He had become an obedient soldier, but when placed upon his own resources, became a fearless antagonist, crafty at warfare, and was seldom outgeneraled in the wilderness. This sort of half-brother to the red man came to be known as their fiercest foe in a conflict, but their staunchest friend in peace. Setting aside all differences with his mountain neighbors, Jim married freely of their maidens, and at one time was proclaimed the "Blanket Chief" of the Crow Nation.

FOR a period of twenty-three years, 1824-1847, until the coming of the "Mormons," no other mountain-man among the many hundreds, if not thousands, visiting the Rockies, possessed the confidence of as many Indian tribes as did Bridger. The Flatheads, Snakes and Utes, and possibly the Blackfeet as well gave him wives. Some writers claim, however, that although he had several wives, he did not have more than one at a time. Being so intimate with In-

dians, he soon learned that the savage mind was exceedingly alert at detecting the slightest crook in a trade or deceit in trifles; hence, by his accuracy in dealing with them he received a reputation among them for justice. It seems peculiar that the tribes who fought him one day would on the next come smoking the pipe of peace and offer to trade. If any exception occurred to this rule, it lay with the crafty and treacherous Blackfeet with whom few white men could remain on terms of peace. Seemingly Bridger was able not only to interpret the savage's tongue, but his wily mind as well. It is said he could detect the very first signs of counterfeit friendship or duplicity; accordingly he never failed at cutting the fuse when it first sparked, thereby escaping the scalping knife which he often saw reach the hair of his less sagacious companions.

TO Jim, the mountains, from first to last, possessed a rare attraction—constantly stirring up his curiosity. Having gained the summit of one lofty ridge, he just as eagerly sought the mystery lying beyond the next. It seems that this inborn inquisitiveness for nature's wild abodes became Jim's dynamo, converting the unknown into the known, fairly driving him at the head of

his men into the "valley of death," and offering little reward but the satisfaction of having been there or having seen it. Thus he became not only a trapper but a discoverer and explorer as well.

AS we learned in our last article, General Ashley, having received an independent fortune from the beaver chase, sold his trapping interests to Jedediah Smith, Fitzpatrick and Jackson signing the papers July 26, 1826, by "the Grand Lake beyond the Rockies," and moved to St. Louis, leaving the mountains forever. He did, nevertheless, return to the Sweetwater the next year with a great train of supplies for the trappers. It was this year, 1827, that Ashley sent a wheeled cannon to the Salt Lake rendezvous, it being the first wheeled vehicle to enter the Rockies. Some writers have erroneously sent this famous "four pounder" to Utah Lake, but we know now that there was no fort erected on Utah Lake and that the cannon remained west of Ogden, Ashley coming, because of sickness, only as far as the Sweetwater. In a letter to General A. Mocombe, he says, "In the month of March, 1827, I fitted out a party of 60 men, mounted a piece of artillery (a four-pounder) on a carriage which was drawn by two mules; the party marched to or near the Grand Salt Lake beyond the Rocky Mountains, remaining there one month, stopped on their way back fifteen days, and returned to Lexington in the western part of Missouri in September, where the party was met with everything necessary for another expedition, and did return, using the same horses and mules, to the mountains by the last of November in the same year." Thus has Doctor Hale cleared up part of the mystery of the cannon, but as to just when or where it was used, we are still at a loss.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, * * * lived and loved another race of beings. * * * Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless. * * * Here they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts.—"The Indians," by Charles Sprague.



(Illustration by courtesy Union Pacific R. R.)

It was around this lake in the Jackson Hole country that Jim with his Indian wife "pursued the beaver with feverish anxiety, surviving on trails where others perished."

WE are told that when General Ashley left the mountains, that Jim was pinched with a gnawing homesickness, for which we cannot blame him; think of it, four years on the frontier leading the life of a trapper week after week, year after year, heat, cold, hail or rain. Here he found no abodes of shelter except his own lodge or those of his mountain friends. Little wonder that he soon led a dark-eyed damsel of the Rockies to his camp, bestowing upon her the honor of becoming his "lodge supervisor." We are told that these dusky maids honored their white chiefs, reverencing them as their lords, performing all the camp duties that the trapper had heretofore accepted as his lot.

WITH Ashley gone, Bridger and a large group of men turned energetically and rather fruitfully, toward the free trapping trade; thus they entered the territory of the Utes, Bannock, and many a hornet-nest of Blackfeet; onward they pushed through Crow and Gros Ventre hunting grounds, pursuing the beaver with feverish anxiety, surviving on trails where others perished, and so broad was their course that they visited prac-

tically every valley, and climbed nearly every summit of the entire west. Through Bridger's keen observation, seemingly a gift of his, the wilderness was stamped, map-like, upon his mind, and he came to possess an unerring talent for knowing routes and places; moreover, it is declared, that he knew boulders and trees as cattlemen nowadays know brands and steers.

Before the "Mormon" pioneers came flocking by the thousands to the mountains, Bridger had become as wild and rugged as the mountains among which he lived. As most of his men possessed Indian women and children, they in true Indian fashion carried with them all their belongings, wife, lodge, children, trapping outfits, horses, etc. In Washington Irving's "Captain Bonneville" we get a splendid view of Bridger and some of his companions, "We remember to have seen them with their band passing through a skirt of woodland,—their long cavalcade stretching for nearly a half a mile. Sublette still wore his arm in a sling. (He was wounded in a fight in Pierre Hole, July 18, 1832.) The mountaineers in their rude hunting dresses, armed with rifles and roughly mounted, and leading their pack horses down a hill of the forest, looked like banditti returning with plunder. On

top of some of the packs were perched several half-breed children, perfect little imps, with wild black eyes glaring from among elf locks. These, I was told were children of the trappers; pledges of love from their squaw spouses in the wilderness."

PARKMAN, also, in the "Oregon Trail" speaking of these mountain trappers says, "They soon camped by our side. Their rifles, dingy and battered with hard service, rested with ours against the old tree; their strong rude saddles, their buffalo robes, their traps and their few rough and simple articles of their traveling equipment were piled near our tent. Their mountain horses turned to graze in the meadows among our own; and the men themselves, no less rough and hardy, used to lie half the day in the shade of our trees, lolling on the grass, lazily smoking, and telling stories of their adventures; and I defy the annals of chivalry to furnish the record of a life more wild and perilous than that of a Rocky Mountain trapper.

One of Bridger's wives, supposed to be his first, at least the first one bearing him children of record, was the daughter of a Flat-head chief. Her children were Felix and Josephine, both of whom were sent to school at St. Louis. After the Civil War broke out, Felix enlisted, 1863, in Company L, Second Missouri Artillery, under General Totten. With the close of the struggle he joined Colonel Custer in some of his Indian campaigns, but was not present when Custer and his two hundred twelve men were butchered by the Sioux. Felix died on the Bridger farm, Missouri, 1876. The mother of these two children took sick at Fort Bridger and died, 1846, the year before the "Mormon" pioneers reached the mountains. These half-breeds at that time were about eight and ten respectively. The mother was buried by the tribe in royal Indian fashion. Of such a death Parkman writes, "A complete stillness succeeded;—then the Indians raised in concert their cries of lamentation over the corpse, and among them Shaw, the white visitor, clearly distinguished those strange sounds resembling the word 'Hallelujah—Hallelujah,' which, together with some other accidental

coincidences has given rise to the absurd notion that the Indians are descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel."

When the time for burial arrived, all the relatives of the dead woman brought forth presents, which, even to her horse, were buried by her side, after which the Indians mourned many days.

Naturally believers in the Book of Mormon will not view these as "accidental coincidences." Parkman writes further: "Thus they passed the greater part of the night. At times the fire would subside into a heap of embers, until the dark figures seated around it were scarcely visible; then a squaw would drop upon it a piece of buffalo-fat, and a bright flame, instantly springing up, would reveal the crowd of wild faces."

To complete the ceremony, came the feasts, and, soon a nice group of well-grown plump dogs lay before the chief's fire, for him and his guests, while the other savages prepared their own kettles, sometimes scantily supplied. When all was ready at the chief's tent, an Indian squaw to begin the ceremony hammered one of the fuzzy quadrupeds over the head, at least until the yelping ceased, then grabbing it by a hind leg, quickly swung it to and fro through the blaze singeing the hair off, or the greater part of it, and before it had ceased kicking dropped its blistered body by her side while she completed the customary rites for the others. This done, several squaws unsheathed their knives and soon the dripping pieces of flesh were in the boiling pot. Parkman continues, "As a dog-feast is the greatest compliment a red man can offer to his guest; and, knowing that to refuse eating would be an affront, we attacked the little dogs, devouring them before the eyes of their unconscious parents."

I HAVE previously mentioned that Hugh Glass was almost killed by a grizzly, and I promised to relate the story later. I shall quote from Henry Howe's book, "Historical Collections of the Great West," also from Neihardt, "The Splendid Wayfaring," using their stories without further reference.

"Bridger and Fitzpatrick, while riding near the forks of the river two hours since, had pushed through a mulberry



(Illustration by courtesy Union Pacific R. R.)

Felix and Josephine with their mother, a daughter of a Flathead Chief, trailed Weber Canyon with Jim Bridger long before the Iron Horse or power plants were dreamed of in the West.

thicket near a spring and had come suddenly upon old Glass lying as though dead, with a bloody hunting knife beside him. Not far away lay the carcass of a grizzly bear. The old man's face was 'all scraped off,' as Bridger put it. It was evident that the old hunter had been taken by surprise and had not been able to 'set his trigger,' for the gun was still loaded and the great gashes in the bear's neck, chest and belly showed how Hugh had fought. Doubtless he had dismounted to drink at the spring, and his horse, terrified by the grizzly had bolted. 'We tried to put him on a horse,' said Bridger, 'but he screamed, though he didn't seem to know nothing; and so Fritz said he'd stay with the old man while I rode back to give you the word.'

'It was, of course, impractical to move the whole party on to the forks at that late hour, so the major sent two men back with Bridger to watch over Glass until the main body should come up next day. It was commonly believed in camp that night that the old man was 'done for,' but when the party arrived at the forks next morning, he was still living, though unconscious. What should be done? It was impossible to move him; and certainly the two hundred men could not be delayed indefinitely while one man decided whether or not he was going to die. Finally two men were induced by the offer of a liberal reward to remain with the wounded man until he could be placed on a horse or under the ground.'

It is stated on rather reliable authority that the younger of the men left by Major Henry was the blacksmith Jim, then but eighteen years of age. As this was near the spot where Jed Smith and Baptiste

had killed and scalped three Ree Indians not so many nights before, staying alone with a dying man was no enviable job. Then, too, it was learned that the Indians were near and at any moment might discover their hiding place. Finally the older man, a French-Canadian, fully sensing their danger, saddled up his horse and also Glass's.

RETURNING to the written account we read:

"The main body, impatient at the delay, struck out for the Yellowstone. Ill luck still followed Henry and Ashley. A large war party thought to be Gros Ventres swooped down upon the men. During the brisk fight that followed, four trappers were killed and several horses were wounded.

"During the evening of the day of the battle, the two men who had been left to watch over old Glass, rode into camp, and the saddle of the horse they led was empty. They said they had remained at the forks four days; then the old man had 'gone under' and had been decently 'buried.' They had brought all his 'fixin's' away with them, including gun, blanket, powder-horn, knife, and flint and steel. The story they brought occasioned no surprise. Many spoke kindly of the dead that night, remembering much good of the graybearded old hunter—how cool he had been in the Ree fight, the droll things he had said on such and such occasions, feats of strength he had performed when a keelboat had grounded on a bar, and many lesser matters such as make men love men.

(Continued from page 563)

Musings and Reminiscences on the Life of Heber C. Kimball

By His Daughter
ALICE K. SMITH

"A prince and a great man has this day passed from among us: like a babe falling into a gentle slumber, he passed away. It was a scene of victory and triumph. What a host of faithful ones have awaited his arrival in the spirit world. Will it not be home to him when he meets those bright ones with whom he had labored so long and so familiarly, and who knew his guileless simplicity, his truthfulness, his unshrinking faith, his integrity and worth?"

THUS was Heber C. Kimball eulogized in a *Deseret News* editorial on the day he passed away, June 22nd, 1868, just sixty-seven years and eight days after the day of his birth. The editorial reflects the calm and true nature of Heber C. Kimball. The existence of that other world was just as actual to him as was this. The literalness with which he accepted the words of the Master did not rob them of any depth nor spiritual meaning, but added to them the full force of fact. He was not only a philosopher, but a prophet and a seer. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

HEBER C. KIMBALL stood next to Brigham Young in seniority in the original quorum of the twelve when it was reorganized according to the age of its members, he being just fourteen days younger than President Young; and when the latter became president of the Church, Heber was chosen as his first counselor. His name is interlinked with the history of this organization almost from its inception, even as the Church's name is interlinked with the history of the pioneering and development of Utah and the great west. Therefore, the history of his people,



HEBER C. KIMBALL

their trials, journeyings and accomplishments is a history of him, for he never forsook the Church nor his friends, nor did he once waiver in his integrity, whether in the midst of persecution or prosperity. Brigham Young said of him, "His knees never trembled, his hands never shook." As a pioneer and colonizer of the great west, he stood second only to President Brigham Young. The versatility of his nature suited him preeminently for that period in our history when the desert had to be subdued and the foundation of an empire laid.

I WAS only a child when Heber C. Kimball passed to the great beyond, my heart and soul went out to him in love and reverence, and I almost worshiped him. He seemed to me the biggest man I

ever saw. I have watched him come down the hill on North Main Street and in my childish mind it seemed that he filled the whole sidewalk. In my mind's eye he has always appeared to me as he was so beautifully described many years after his death by his grandson, Apostle Orson F. Whitney:

"He was a singular compound, in his nature, of courage and timidity, of weakness and strength, uniting a penchant for mirth with a proneness to melancholy, and a blending of the lion-like qualities of a leader among men with the bashfulness and lamb-like simplicity of a child. "He was not a coward; a braver man probably never lived than Heber C. Kimball. His courage, however, was not of that questionable kind which 'knows no fear.' Rather was it of that superior order, that Christ-like bravery, which feels danger yet dares to face it. He had all the sensitiveness of the poet—for he was both a poet and a prophet from his mother's womb—and inherited by birth-right the power to feel pleasure or suffer pain in all its 'exquisite'ness and intensity."

BROTHER WHITNEY further describes him as being,

"Tall and powerful of frame, with piercing black eyes that seemed to read one through, and before whose searching gaze the guilty could not choose but quail. He moved with a stateliness and majesty all his own. He was a humble man and in his humility, no less than his kingly stature, consisted his dignity, and no small share of his greatness. It was his intelligence, earnestness, simplicity, sublime faith and unwavering integrity to principle that made him great, not the apparel he wore, nor the mortal clay in which his spirit was clothed. Nevertheless, nature had given him a noble presence in the flesh, worthy the godlike stature of his spirit. * * *

"His temperament was religious and poetical. Sociable as he was and even bubbling over with mirth at times, his soul was essentially of a gloomy cast. * * * He was a diamond in the rough, but a diamond nevertheless. Unlettered and untaught, save in nature's school, the university of experience, where he was an apt and profound scholar, he was possessed of marvelous intuition, a genius God-given, which needed no kindling at a college shrine to prepare it for the work which providence had designed. Not but

education would have polished the gem, causing it to shine with what the natural eye would deem a brighter lustre; but the fact remains that Heber C. Kimball, as he was, not as he might have been, was best adapted for the divine purpose, the career marked out for him by the finger of Deity."

MANY lasting impressions were made upon my mind through little incidents which set my childish mind to working. When my father prayed to his Eternal Father, he told him of his plans, his worries, his joys, and his sorrows. He talked with him as a son to an earthly father in whom he had great love and confidence, not as some being far off on another planet. On one occasion at family prayers when it seemed to me he was unusually earnest and was supplicating his Father for some especial blessing or favor, I was so impressed that I peeked carefully around to see if his Father stood there before him. I was disappointed, for it seemed he must be there. This made a deep impression upon my mind, for all through my childhood days, my youth, my mature life, my Father in Heaven has not been so far away from me. I could appeal to him as a father who was full of love and compassion for his children.

MY sister Sarah was two years younger than me and one day when we were very small, father took us to his store-house where he kept supplies of shoes, drygoods and whatnot for his family. He was going to give us each a pair of shoes. Like all little girls we went off delighted with the prospect of having some pretty new shoes. Father placed us on a table or counter, and took off our old shoes. He took down from a shelf two pairs of old ladies' shoes. I can see them now, low topped, wide soles, low heels. He put them on our feet, laced them up and tied them, then told us to walk. We were horrified. I kept a stiff upper lip but I saw that Sarah was weakening. Father gave one of his characteristic laughs, sat us up on the table again and took them off. Then he put on our feet some shoes that were anything but pretty, but they came somewhere near fitting us, and we went home rejoicing. This puzzled me for a long time. Why should my father who seemed to know everything take the time to put such shoes on

the feet of two little girls when anyone could see that they would not do at all? It finally dawned upon me that had he, in the first place, given us the shoes that finally pleased us we would have been greatly disappointed. But after our first shock we went away happy and contented. It was a wonderful lesson he taught us two little girls who were then too young to comprehend its meaning. He must have known that the day would come when we would understand. He gave us the best he had and through his wonderful understanding made us happy.

FOLLOWING an accident, the direct cause of his death which occurred a few weeks later, he sent for his children to meet him at his headquarters (the "Big House," as we used to call it) on North Main, for he wished to talk to them. I was too young to remember the language he used or exactly what he said, but this is the impression that was made upon my mind: He did not expect to be with us long, and was going to heaven, where he would build beautiful white homes for his family. That impression stayed with me and has always been so vivid that until this day, when I pass a beautiful white house, I can see my father as he looked on that day so long ago, and I recall the picture which I beheld in my imagination of the beautiful white homes which my father would build for us.

Shortly after this my mother was taken seriously ill. I remember one day, as father sat by her bedside, he seemed very much depressed. He bowed his head and the tears coursed down his cheeks. Perhaps he had a premonition that he was about to leave us and his heart ached for the widows and fatherless. I stood near, watching him and witnessing his grief, and my heart went out to him in such love and yearning that I could scarcely control myself, and I resolved in my heart that I would always try to honor his name. When he got up to leave, he put his arms around me and with love and tenderness pressed me to his bosom. I wondered if he knew what I was thinking. Just a day or two after this he was stricken with paralysis, the final result of his accident, and from this he never recovered.

HOW well I remember the day of the funeral! As the procession was about to leave for the tabernacle, the rain was coming down in torrents. The draping in the building was all in black, the coffin was elevated in the aisle and was covered with a black pall.

One beautiful scene connected with the event helped to assuage our grief and seemed to betoken to our lonely hearts that even though he were dead we would meet him again. Apostle Whitney describes this beautiful scene:

"And now occurred a remarkable, though purely natural, phenomenon. As the first clouds of earth fell upon the coffin, the setting sun burst forth from his cloudy covering, shedding a golden halo of glory upon the scene, while instantaneously in the eastern horizon appeared a rainbow, the bright and beautiful token of promise, directly spanning the grave. It was no illusion; and as the last particles of mother earth were gathered above the still bosom that slept below, the rainbow dissolved."

AND now as I am nearing the end of the way, the twilight of my life in this beautiful world, after varied experiences of three score years and ten, my heart is filled with praise and gratitude to my Father above for the many blessings that have been mine.

I feel with all my soul that when the summons comes, "My child, this night I require thy soul, thy mortal life is at an end," and I have passed the portals, that I will meet my earthly father again with a tender and loving embrace, just as I hope eventually to meet my Heavenly Father at the end of the road. In my mind I hear them both say, "My daughter, you have passed through tribulations, and have been true and faithful. Welcome home!" And now, as I await the final call, when the Lord wants me, the greatest desire of my heart, above health, wealth, position and all else besides, is that my children will be true and faithful to the Gospel, and that when they pass from this world of action they will merit the meeting with their earthly father again, who is indeed a prince of the most High God, and he will welcome them home with joy and satisfaction.

Vital Problems Confront Us

"God give us men. The time demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands."

MUTUAL Improvement workers must be doers.

Action is their keyword. At this particular time when we turn in faith and hope to the new century of "Mormonism," the call comes to us to throw the full strength of our young manhood and womanhood into the fight against evil.

At the meeting of M. I. A. officers held during the Centennial Conference of the Church, the following three stirring appeals were made for prohibition, for the anti-tobacco movement, and for regulations promoting safety.

At the conclusion of each address definite projects were named. We recommend these to you for your thoughtful consideration and for your adoption as far as may be found necessary and advisable in your locality. At our June Conference we shall ask for a report of progress made and of your plans for future campaigns in these three movements.

General Superintendency, Y. M. M. I. A.,
General Presidency, Y. L. M. I. A.

What Shall We Do About Tobacco?

BY HEBER C. IVERSON

Member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.

EVERY thoughtful parent and teacher will feel the challenge of these two messages by the Presidents of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers and of the National Education Association.

"But now comes a cold-blooded, fact-finding government agency, the Federal Trade Commission. The commission brings the tobacco men to the mourners' bench, and gets from them an abjectly humiliating confession of falsehood, deceit, and cheeky imposture. The newspapers put the story far back in the second section, if they printed it at all. Editorially they have little to say. Didn't they print the fake advertising? The cigaret corporation that was on the carpet admitted that it lied when it said smok-

ing its cigarets would keep a woman from getting overweight. It admitted that it printed testimonials from people who did not use its cigarets at all. It admitted that it printed testimonials from people who not only did not write them, but never saw them. It admitted that it paid for testimonials from a group of actresses to the effect that the use of these cigarets kept them slender and fit for their work, though the actresses were not cigaret smokers at all."—*Christian Advocate*, Northwestern Edition, February 13, 1930.

"Ignorance, weakness and defeat people. Education fosters individuality, distinction, and achievement. Has there been in all history so colossal a standardizing process—such a vast demonstration of the sheep-like qualities of the human race as in the spread of the tobacco habit. Has not this increase in the use of cigarets been brought about through the expenditure of millions of dollars for advertising; through the hired misuse of psychology, art, writing, printing, and radio; through the degradation of newspapers and magazines? Have not the tobacco interests admitted the falsity of the statements which were published in newspapers and magazines that had the confidence of our homes and of our schools? Should any school or home subscribe to magazines which support such a policy? Can we afford to spread, even among the children, a habit whose cost is greater than the total cost of free public education; a habit surely unworthy of an age that has produced a Lincolnbirth and has brought into the high schools of America a wonderful army of more than five million fine young men and women!"—E. Ruth Pyrtle, President of the National Education Association.

L. WESTON OAKS, M. D., says in his book on *Medical Aspects of the Latter-day Saint Word of Wisdom*:

"Dr. M. V. O'Shea conducted an inquiry among one thousand high schools of the Middle West, concerning the effect of tobacco upon high school work. Of this great number of high school boys who smoked, only 15.9% were above the median in school work, while 60% were below it. Many hundreds of these boys contracted the habit while attending high school; and it was found that where this was the case, 68% of those doing so had shown a decline in their scholarship, with 61.9% losing in deportment. These figures are significant, because they cover such a large group; and they justify some generalization as to the effects of this drug upon mental effort in young adult and adolescent boys. The decline in scholarship in this group varied from ten per cent to utter failure. Dr. O'Shea requested the principals of these schools

to furnish such brief reports upon the work and behavior of their boys, before and after beginning the use of tobacco. Because of what they represent in loss of potential manhood, these reports bear a pitiful significance; and Dr. O'Shea says of them:

"One cannot go over the reports from these two hundred six schools without forming the conviction that tobacco is either directly or indirectly playing a tragic role in the high school. There is no evidence of bias or prejudice in the returns from most of these schools; at any rate the principals and faculties were aware of the danger that preconceived notions might distort their views, so that they were on their guard. And if they erred at all it was probably in the way of leniency in estimating the intellectual status of smokers in their schools. Some at least of the principals who made returns are personally friendly toward tobacco, so far as its use by adults is concerned.

"* * * * * In personal interviews they informed the writer they enjoyed a cigar and believed that a moderate use of tobacco was not harmful to them mentally or physically. But they could not overlook the fact that records of the smokers in their schools were conclusive in showing that the use of tobacco by their pupils is detrimental to intellectual effort, and in extreme cases it paralyzes mental activity."

WRITING in the Kentucky Medical Journal, Dr. E. S. Frey of Louisville, mentions some careful observations made by Dr. Seaver, Director of the Physical Laboratory at Yale University and says:

"Out of the highest scholarship men at Yale only five per cent use tobacco. Of all the men who do not get appointments, ninety per cent use tobacco."

In MacLevy's book "The Tobacco Habit," are given some interesting statistics, of which the following are typical:

"Dr. George Lewis says that in fifty years no tobacco user in Harvard has graduated at the head of his class, though five out of six graduates were users."

"A Clark College professor says, out of two hundred one, ninety-three were users, one hundred eight were not. Of the non-smokers 68% won honors, while of the smokers only 18% won honors."

What noted men say:

"Boys, through cigarettes, train with bad company. They go with other smokers to the pool rooms and saloons. The

cigarette drags them down. * * * One of the magistrates in New York states that 99 per cent of the boys between the ages of 10 and 17, who come before him charged with crime have their fingers disfigured by cigarette stains."—Henry Ford.

Attitude of Employers:

"Employers generally disapprove of cigarette smoking and will not employ boys who smoke. Neither Edison nor Ford will employ men in their factories who smoke cigarettes."

The Cadillac Motor Company in Detroit recently posted this notice:

"Boys who smoke cigarettes we do not care to keep in our employ. In the future we will not hire anyone whom we know to be addicted to this habit. It is our desire to weed it entirely out of our factory. * * * We have two objects in view: First, to help men and boys; second, we believe that men who do not smoke or frequent the saloon can make better automobiles than those who do."

Marshall Field and Company, Chicago:

"For many years it has been our policy not to engage boys who make a practice of smoking cigarettes, as we believe it to be detrimental to their development."

Suggested Projects on Use of Tobacco

1. Public Education on law regulating sale of tobacco and the harmful effects of its use.
2. Pledge officers to missionary work, assignment to and personal contact and labor with users of tobacco.
3. A project for M Men and Gleaners. Through the leaders of these groups stimulate these young people to do missionary work among their associates and friends.
4. Cooperate with civic officers in enforcement of law.
5. Have officers make it special business to check on sale of tobacco to minors.
6. Send men to the state legislature who will vote and work right on this and all other moral issues.

What Shall We Do About Liquor?

By DR. JOS. F. MERRILL

Church Commissioner of Education

THE liquor problem in its various phases and angles is continually in the mind of the public.

There are always "two distinct phases—the habit and the traffic. The beverage use of intoxicating liquors is unwise, often dangerous, for the individual, for society and for the race."

After trying for generations all other means of controlling the evils of the traffic in, and drinking of, intoxicating liquor, the people of the United States adopted prohibition, the constitutional amendment becoming effective on the 16th of January, 1920. In all, 46 states ratified the 18th Amendment, this being the largest number of affirmative state votes ever given to any amendment.

The Outlook said, January 27, 1926:

"National prohibition did not come as a result of an effort to make men moral by law. It was only when public opinion became convinced that the legalized liquor traffic was hopelessly corrupt and corrupting, and traffic in alcoholic drink was an economic burden which the nation could not afford to bear, that prohibition became national."

AND now what are we going to do about it? Repeal the 18th Amendment, as some demand, modify it as others request, or enforce it as prohibitionists insist?

Relative to law observance Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes once said: "Everybody is ready to sustain the law he likes. That is not in the proper sense respect for law or order. The test of respect for law is where the law is upheld even though it hurts."

In his inaugural address President Hoover said:

"There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronized it. We must awake to the fact that this patronage from large numbers of law abiding citizens is supplying the rewards and stimulating crime. * * * The duty of citizens to support the laws of the land is co-equal with the duty of their government to enforce the laws which exist. No greater national service can be given by men and women of good will * * * than that they should, by their example, assist in stamping out crime and outlawry by refusing participation in and condemning all transactions with illegal liquor. * * * Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support. * * * For our citizens to patronize the violation of a particular law on the ground that they are opposed to it is destructive on the very basis of all that protection of life, of homes and property which they rightly claim under other laws."

ARE we Latter-day Saints? If so we not only stand for law observance, but as U. S. Prohibition Administrator of this district, German E. Ellsworth says, we are active law observers. We cease standing and become active. This is the greatest thing of all—to obey the law ourselves. Next by our teaching and our examples we try to get others to obey the law. And further, we aid the officers in enforcing the law. How?

(a) By reporting all infractions of it that our keen and wide-open eyes may see. We now report robbery, arson, burglary, assault, theft, etc. Is it not equally an obligation of good citizenship to report to the proper officer observed or suspected violations of prohibition laws? A failure here is a failure in good citizenship. And this is what the Federal, County and City enforcement officers in Salt Lake City complain of—lack of the active sympathy and aid of the citizenry in helping the officers. The latter are far too few to bring about unaided good enforcement. In any community M. I. A. members might organize to get information that will help the officers.

(b) By frequently complimenting the officers who do good work. Let them know you are watching them, confident they will do their duty. Just praise is helpful.

(c) By voting only for candidates for public office who are competent, fearless, dry in deed as well as word, and in full sympathy with law enforcement. President Coolidge said: "A government which does not enforce its laws is unworthy of the name of a government, and cannot expect to hold either the support of its own citizens or the respect of the informed opinion of the world."

(d) By ceasing to shirk jury service. Prosecutors are very often discouraged by juries, which, contrary to the evidence and the facts, acquit guilty defendants. Courts sometimes even reprimand juries for their failure to convict in accordance with the evidence. It often appears that the "wets" are organized to furnish juries that will acquit guilty defendants.

(e) By being optimistic rather than pessimistic with respect to the success of prohibition. Competent observers declare that prohibition in the United States is an eco-

conomic success. Hon. Geo. W. Wickersham, Chairman of the Hoover law enforcement commission, recently declared that prohibition laws are better enforced than other federal laws. Sheriffs and chiefs of police produce records to show that prohibition is succeeding. Frantic opposition efforts of "wets" prove it.

Let us talk for, work for, vote for, and in every way act for, law, its observance and enforcement.

Safety

By JOHN F. BOWMAN

Mayor of Salt Lake City

INTRODUCTORY observation:

Every thirty-one seconds a serious automobile accident occurs in the United States; the average increase of population of one every thirty-three seconds barely exceeds this casualty toll; every 17 minutes a death from automobile accident occurs; there were 31,500 persons killed by auto in 1929.

These figures show an urgent need for action.

Agencies For Correction

1. Traffic consciousness, very important and may be developed by:

- (a) Educational programs.
 1. Schools.
 - a. Junior Traffic Officers.
 - b. Compositions.
 - c. Lectures and class-work.
 2. Safety Council, co-operating with State Council.
 3. Civic Clubs.
 4. Motion pictures such as "The Verdict"—a traffic story.
 5. Children's safety clubs.
 6. Drivers' clubs. Their function is to report flagrant violations.
 7. Radio.
 8. Traffic Week.
 - a. Posters.
 - b. Other publicity.
 - c. Brake testing, light testing, etc., drives.
 9. Safety contests among commercial drivers.
 10. Special box in paper for accidents and deaths weekly.

2. (b) Law Enforcement.

1. Strong police policy.
2. Cooperation of the courts.
3. Non discrimination among petty violators. No tearing up of tags. Impartial enforcement.
4. No withdrawal of complaints because of non-prosecution for a consideration.

- (c) Legislative Program.

1. Uniform Motor Vehicle Legislation.
 - a. Drivers' License.

Issued upon examination.

Subject to revocation or suspension.

- b. Uniform Speed Regulations.
- c. Uniform penalties throughout the states for
 1. Reckless driving.
 2. Speeding, headlights, brakes, etc.
 3. Driving while intoxicated.
 4. Manslaughter.

Out of the Burning

(Continued from page 554)

wanted to be useful, to serve, to render return for her share of life's generous gifts.

She was relieved from duty one evening about nine o'clock, shortly after the end of her probationary period. It had been a hard case. The head nurse was nearly exhausted, many assistants were needed. Dr. Locke had lost his bantering tone. Terse, muttered orders had been the only sound in the grim battle. Even now, though Pamela was relieved, the battle was not yet won. Dr. Dick, the shadow, was in attendance for the night.

THE lights of the nurses' home beckoned to the tired Pamela. Her feet ached. Her shoulders drooped. A nausea of ether and gas assailed her. How good the fresh air seemed; hints of running water, of buttercups and pussy willows. She raised her head to breathe deeper and suddenly stopped, petrified with fear. A tall, lean man stepped from the shadows directly into her path.

"I come ter marry ye, Curly."

"Oh!" cried Pamela, in a tone of half relief and half additional fear. "O," she added. "Is it Bud?" None save the family of Steve Turner called her Curly now.

"I come ter marry ye," persisted the voice in a monotone. He was under the light now and stood revealed in a store suit. Tall, straight, erect, purposeful.

"Weuns kin be married in the

maw'nin' and be home fur supper. Ma air afixin' a feast."

"O, Bud!" cried Pamela, regret clutching her heart. "I can't do that. I ain't fur marryin' nobody, Bud." She dropped into his speech, hoping to be kind.

"Weuns has got a new room, Curly. I made et purposeful fur youns. Ets got windows; two of 'em, Curly."

"O, Bud, I can't marry nobody. I'm too young. I hev ter keep on larnin'. I hev ter keep ter school three years."

"Youns air twenty," continued Bud in a tone that seemed to consider no obstacle. "Millie hed three least ones when she war your age." He came closer and held out a bunch of odorous mountain violets. That was what Pamela had smelled.

"I'm a comin' fur youns in the maw'nin'," he repeated. "Maw's fixin' fur a party. Maw air poorly nowadays. Et air too much fur her, tendin' Millie's least one an' totin' coal, and all." He held out his arms, blocking the path. There was no escape save retreat. Pamela's mind flashed back seven years to the time Abe Walters waylaid her by the mountain well. Why did men court her in the dark?

BUD stood patiently waiting, the drooping violets clutched in one hand. How terrible to hurt him. Mild, kind Bud, who had shielded her youth; who had stood off Millie's threats

of violence, who had broken paths through the deep snows. Bud, who had hoed her corn rows, hunted the cow and helped fill her allotted sacks with potatoes. But she faced him bravely. "I ain't fur marryin' nobody. You air good and kind, but I don't want nobody!"

Bud's mouth dropped open. Every mountain girl hoped to marry. If she were not chosen by twenty, she was considered old, and usually had to be satisfied with a widower. It had never occurred to him that Curly would not be eager and willing. Mountain girls had long considered him desirable but unattainable.

"I'm a comin' in the mawnin'."

THE nurse whom Dr. Locke had pronounced so dependable, so reliable, was openly crying and running back into the hospital. Down the corridor to the vacant porch. There she fell upon a bed, sobbing unrestrainedly. Poor Bud! How dreadful to hurt him.

Dr. Dick, coming from the room where death had been so imminent, sought fresh air on the porch. He snapped on the lights and gazed in amazement at the prone figure of Pamela.

"What have we here?" he called. "Why, Miss Harrison! What's the matter? You are supposed to be in bed. Why are you crying?"

"A man wants to marry me!" blubbered Pamela.

"Merciful heavens!" answered the doctor. "Then why weep!" He had had no first hand experience concerning marriage, but from observation, the young women whom he knew did not weep over proposals. They were usually the result of well laid plans.

"I don't want to marry anybody," sobbed Pamela. "He's waiting downstairs. He'll stand there all night. I can't go over to the home. It's Bud Turner from Crow's Nest. Your father knows him. I tell you, I don't want to get married at all!"

"Thank heaven for that!" muttered Dr. Dick, not knowing just why he said it, and utterly unconscious that he was patting Pamela's golden curls.

THE next evening's papers carried a brief, cursory no-

tice to which few people paid any attention. But to Pamela Harrison and Dr. Dick it had a hidden meaning:

"Steven Turner, age 22 of Crow's Nest, enlisted for a three-

year term in the U. S. navy today."

"Thank heaven for that!" repeated Dr. Dick, still not knowing just why he felt so relieved.

(To be continued)

Bridger's Indian Wife Dies

(Continued from page 557)

"Well, the old fellow was 'rubbed out' at last, but it took a grizzly bear to do the job, and it would have been worth a year's wages to see that bear-fight!"

We now skip over seven or eight months to February with the snow crusted and the winds cold at Fort Henry on the Yellowstone:

"Night had fallen, and the hush of intense cold was upon the white waste! A merry fire roared on the hearth of the big trading room where the men were lounging. Old Baptiste was making the Major's fiddle laugh and weep, and often when his bow swang into some old Southern jig-tune, the younger fellows, such as Bridger, would step it lively, aping the negro dancers. By and by, in a momentary hush, the stockade gate was heard to rattle at its bar as though a sudden wind had shaken it; yet there was no wind. The men listened a while, but heard only the howling of the wolves and the fort timbers popping in the great freeze.

"The music began again, and a youth, swinging into an extravagant Negro clog, aroused a roar of laughter. Again the music stopped; and scarcely had the silence returned, when a wild horse cry arose outside. Some Crow Indian was there at the gate, no doubt; but what could he want? A trapper got up, and went out into the snow that whined under his moccasins, and, followed by the candle glimmer that spilled through the open door, went to the gate and raised the wicket through which trading was sometimes carried on. Immediately those inside heard the wicket clatter down, and with a look of terror on his face the trapper dashed back into the room and slammed the door.

"I—I—saw—" he stammered. "Saw what?" asked the major. "Old Hugg Glass!" whispered the trapper,—"all white—his ghost!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Major. Getting up from his bench by the fire, he went out into the starlit silence, and the men thronged to the door. The chain clanked; the gate swung wide. And then the impossible came to pass! The men saw Henry walking backward, and after him came no other than Hugg Glass who had died yonder at the forks of the Grand and was buried there! His hair that swept his shoulders and his long gray beard matted upon his chest were ghastly with his frozen breath. The men gave way at the door, and Henry backed in, followed by the spectre. And what a face it had—grotesquely blurred as though seen reflected in ruffled waters!

The old man stalked boldly into the middle of the room with his long rifle

under his arm and stared about him.

"My G—!" gasped the Major; "two men saw you die at the forks of the Grand!"

"The old man's chest rumbled with unpleasant laughter.

"Show me those men who have seen so much," he said. "Either they lie here or I lie there! I'm not half sure myself."

"Yonder is one," said Henry, pointing to Jim.

"Hugh turned to where a trapper crouched against the wall with abject terror in his eyes. For a brief moment the ruined face of the old man was as though a blizzard swept across it. He set the trigger of his gun and clicked the lock. Then as he recognized Jim, the youthful blacksmith, his face softened, and, easing the hammer down, he strode over to the young man, demanding, 'where's your companion, the other one that saw me die; it's him I'm after!' And again revenge seemed stirring every muscle as he sent his glaring eyes, searching the men as if impatient for the answer, 'show him to me!'

"Glass, spoke up the Major, 'he left here before the river froze, carrying dispatches to Fort Atkinson.'

"Well, well, that's all mighty peculiar!" he growled. 'I've come a long, hard journey to take revenge, but sein' he's gone, I'll wait.' Then turning to his old friend, Hansel, the cook, he half demanded, 'Put on the pot and you'll see what an appetite a ghost can have!' And, having eaten with a wolfish hunger, the old man told the story of his resurrection.

"He could not say how long he had lain there by the spring; but by and by he awoke and managed to get his eyes open. It was sometime before he could realize what had happened to him. Then he knew by the footprints of horses all around him that the main party had been there and gone on. The ash-heap of an old fire, however, showed that Major Henry had not intended to desert him. Some of his comrades had been left behind to care for him; but where were they? And where was his fixin's? Not even so much as a knife had been left him.

"The more he thought about the matter the greater grew his anger, and he swore that he would live that he might avenge that treachery. Deliberately he set about the difficult business of getting well enough to travel. The spring furnished plenty of good water, and over it hung a bush full of ripe bull berries. Also, with his teeth he was able to tear flesh from the gashed body of the bear; but the meat had begun to spoil, and soon he had only the fruit and what bread-root he could find in the vicinity.

(Continued on page 566)



Camping

By

REV. HOYT E. HENRIQUES

THE organization of the Boy Scouts of America does not exist solely for summer recreation, however attractive this may be. Its purpose is to prepare its members to take their places in society as well-rounded units, not of deadly uniformity but capable of working harmoniously with others towards the advancement of an ideal democracy. To further this end, Scouting has an excellent program varied enough so that boys of all conditions of mental, physical, social, and financial status can become comrades in the great adventure.

The Handbook tells of the ways and means of developing such a program, so we need not refer to it at this time save to call attention to the title-page with the word *service* prominently displayed. This tells us, better than many words, the great fundamental ideal of Scouting. Service to God and man, service to the State and its members, is the aim back of all our work. In preparation for this life of service, which too few realize in its entirety, the program must be diversified enough to include all the activities of the normal, healthy boy. Among these, perhaps chief of the physical, is camping.

A SCOUT must learn many things, which may be classed either as mental or physical. Advancement depends upon his skill in learning and doing. By mental things we mean those which are more or less separated from physical exertion. Among these are such as "The History and Use of the Flag." This is class-work, encouraging a laudable respect for the flag of our country.

It is interesting to note that

*I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me:*

*Or on the mountain-crest sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,
O what have I to do with Time?
For this the day was made.*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

more than half of the merit badges awarded for proficiency, have nothing to do with the out-door program, although not strictly class-work. Blacksmithing, for example, is not an out-door study, nor is it class-work. Carpentry, music, and textiles likewise are not out-door studies.

ON the other hand, we note several badges awarded for physical achievements which are not strictly a part of the out-door program. Aviation is physical, mental and out-doors, but not a part of what we commonly call the out-door life of a Scout Troop. But most of the physical side of Scouting is intimately connected with the out-door world.

Living in the "Center of Scenic America," we are particularly fortunate in having so much of the out-doors right at our very door-steps. Perhaps it is because of this that we do not appreciate our opportunities, for "familiarity breeds contempt" we are told. The writer came out into the mountains a seeker after health, and finding it here, resolved to do his little in implanting in others a respect for, aye even better than that, a love of God's great nature world.

IN our out-door program, Camping is the goal to which all our Scouts look with longing eyes. Rare indeed is the boy who does

not care to get out and imitate the deeds of the great Scouts of by-gone days. Rare is the boy who is not impressed with the power of the Creator when suddenly confronted with some great masterpiece of the Great Builder. The boy may not show how much he is impressed, but nevertheless it makes a lasting impression which may change his whole attitude towards things in general.

Camping begins in the Tenderfoot rank with Saturday and week-end hikes under the direction of an advanced Scout or adult leader. In these he receives training in the fundamentals of Scouting or Camping. He is impressed with the need of careful preparation. A really successful hike or camp is not the product of a few minutes thinking. In this preparation such commonplace things as shoes and stockings take on a new aspect when seen in connection with a fruitful tramp in a near-by canyon. He also has his first lesson in reverence for property rights, for he must respect the rights of others or he may be denied the privilege of entrance. This may seem selfish, but he is shown that unless he is careful of both public and private property other Scouts may suffer from his lack of consideration and be denied desirable privileges.

IN the Second-class rank he learns the use of signs and symbols as means of conveying messages. A pile of stones now means something to him. His powers of observation are developed so that he can be reasonably sure of his place and direction even if he have no compass. Building a fire without waste of time and material is usually a new accomplishment, and his reaction on being shown how little fuel is needed to prepare a palatable meal is gratifying to the leader. Fire-building affords a fine beginning for a study in For-

etry and Conservation. The long-distance runners of the various Indian tribes have always been an object of awe for the average American lad, and while our Scouts may not hope to rival the Indian lads in this field, they are taught how to cover ground with little effort. Knives or hatchets in the hands of untrained campers are dangerous, even though necessary. The Scout is taught how to lessen this danger by the correct use of these tools.

BEFORE he can become a First-class Scout the boy must have a really intimate acquaintance with nature. Here we see the out-door program of Scouting blossoming into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Swimming, hiking, map-making, and estimating are rounds in the ladder leading to success. He develops a speaking acquaintance with the flowers on the ground, which now no longer are merely pretty things to look at. He learns how the plants serve both nature and mankind. He observes the animals which scurry through the shrubbery, learning that they have better uses than to serve as targets for the unthoughtful person. Trees now are known by name and are rated according to their importance as servants to man and nature. And lifting his eyes upwards into their tops he discovers that birds are not just birds, but birds of many kinds and purposes. That red streak was in sight but a second, yet he knows it to be the tanager, or the slight call, unheard by most, he knows to be the note of the finch. And at night, tired of gazing into the depths of the wonderful camp-fire, he looks

up into the starry-decked canopy and discerns the beauty of the heavenly jewel-box. In fancy he travels with the mariners of old, charting his way by the stars, or perchance he stands watch with David on the hills beyond Bethlehem.

ALL this that has gone before is by way of preparation for the fitting climax to his course, the Troop camp. Then he puts into practice the lessons he has learned, and as he has learned them he becomes a real camping Scout or not. If the Scoutmaster has a real place in his life for an out-doors which is something more than a place in which to fish and hunt, he has tried to tell the Scout of this love.

"Every boy in camp" is a wise motto. The boy is best served in a Troop camp in which he takes an active part in every duty and every pleasure. The ideal condition is where boys come in contact with their own leaders, but because of the complexity of our modern life, it is not always possible for Scoutmasters to go to camp with their boys. It is often difficult to find a proper substitute, and to remedy this condition Local Councils operate camps under expert leadership with fine programs. This is commendatory, and while it is not intended to take the place of the Troop camp, it affords the only opportunity presented to some Scouts.

IN my experience I have found camping to have been of value because it develops the boy, or can do so, in the three departments of his being—body, mind and spirit. All camps do not attain to this



height, but it is an ideal for which we strive. A camp which stresses one part to the exclusion of the others is not doing its best for the Scout or for Scouting. A leader who neglects the opportunity to instill a more wholesome regard for the goodness of God has not given the Scout a proper idea of our world. A camp should not have for its slogan "Fishermen." I visited a Troop which conducted its camp on the fishing idea. Not a word about nature and its workings, but only about the daily catch!

If the boy is given due part in the preparations for the camp, it develops his foresight. He thinks out in advance what is necessary on such a trip, and hands in a written list of the essentials. He helps to collect the equipment and supplies, to construct the program of study, sports and work. He plans the menus and figures what the commissary requires. This should be done by all the Scouts, not by the Scoutmaster. Contrast with this well-organized expedition the first overnight hike the Scout made. Too much or too little food, too many or too few blankets, too far or too near the over-night camp. Then he was a Tenderfoot, now he is older in Scouting.



A NOVEL TUG OF WAR

CAMPING, in the second place, develops the growing sense of leadership. At this age the boy has a normal desire to lead, and every Scout should be given the right to a certain amount of authority in some definite field of activity. Seasoned Scouts and Scoutmasters recognize the ability of others in particular lines of work and respect this leadership.

I visited another Troop in camp, and was amused, and pained, to see the Scoutmaster cooking hot-cakes for twenty boys. This indicated a one-man camp and resulted in a group of Scouts each waiting for the Scoutmaster to do the work. Had each Scout taken part in the preliminary plans there would have been more than one small frying pan in that camp.

Camps are zones of discovery, for latent skill and talent is found in both leader and boy. Utilization of these heretofore unknown abilities makes a happy and harmonious camp. The making of little contrivances around the mess to shorten labor, and to dispose of waste, all call for ingenuity and inventiveness. The Troop which undertook to square a number of pine logs that it might have a real kitchen table little knew the labor involved, but when finished had accumulated a store of experience (and blisters).

PATIENCE and sympathy should be a part of the normal make-up of every person, particularly in camp. Man and boy must each have patience over the shortcomings of the other and a ready sympathy extended when it will help. Poor little hiker, burdened with a heavy pack, bravely stumbling onward without a whimper! A real Patrol Leader notices how he silently suffers and without a word to attract the attention of others relieves him of part of the load.

A real Camp educates in social-mindedness, for we live for a while in a large area in a restricted manner. Six, eight, ten sleeping in a space too small to make a real clothes closet at home. Beds on a pile of pine boughs, personal possessions on the bed or in a flour sack. The respect of property rights learned in the earlier hiking days now comes in full play. The Scout must learn to adjust himself to the group, each member being the equal of every other member. He has certain rights and so has the other fellow, but the rights of either are not those of the home. What a camp was that where Scouts were always on the lookout for thoughtless transgressions of individual and community rights. The Scoutmaster looks back on that week as seven days of constant intervention between warring lads.

WHAT though the wind blew cold, the wood was damp, and fingers were numb for a good part of the stay in camp, the days will always be remembered as joyous when Master and Scouts all played the game fairly and squarely. Then, tired but happy, he returns to his home the gainer after his days in the open. His body is

strengthened and can better meet the tasks of the following weeks. Health reigns supreme, he is charged with vitality. His mind is enlarged through learning of many new things, and his spirit should appreciate more than ever the goodness of God in giving such an opportunity to re-create the body for better service.

Bridger's Indian Wife Dies

(Continued on page 563)

"After some days waiting he decided that his leg, which seemed to have been broken, was hardly likely to carry him for some weeks; so he thought it well to begin his journey by crawling. Fort Kiowa, (South Dakota) the nearest post on the Missouri, was over a hundred miles away. After weeks of well-nigh incredible hardships, he had succeeded in reaching the post."

A detailed account of this story, in fact, a complete book, is given in a narrative poem by Neihardt, "The Song of Hugh Glass." Glass followed Bridger's companion, fully expecting to avenge himself, but upon meeting the trapper whom he had known before the experience, forgave him, as he did Jim. The story is also briefly told on pages 86, 87 of "Ashley-Smith Explorations," by Dale. It is given again by Chittenden, "American Fur Trade," Vol. 2, p. 698.

Another story of Bridger and Ashley follows: Beckwourth says that at Fort Lookout the trappers met Joshua Pilcher, who manifested his good will toward Ashley by making him a present of a large "grizzly bear for a play thing. And a pretty plaything we found him before we were done with him. He was made fast with a chain to the cargo box on deck, and seemed to think himself captain; at any rate, he was more imperious in his orders than a Commodore on a foreign station. He would suffer no one on deck, and seemed literally to apply the poet's words to himself,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

LATER, upon reaching St. Louis, Beckwourth adds:

"After the peltry was all landed and stored, the bear still occupied his station. Hundreds were yet gazing at him, many

of whom had never seen one of the kind before. The general said to me, "James, how, under the sun, are we to get that animal off the boat?" I, having a few glasses of 'artificial courage' to back me, felt exceedingly valorous, and thought myself able to throw a mill-stone across the Mississippi. Accordingly, I volunteered to bring him ashore. I procured a light stick, walked straight up to the bear, and, speaking very sharply to him (as he had to us all the way down the river), deliberately unfasted his chain. He looked me in the eyes for a moment, and, giving a low whine, dropped his head. I led him off the boat along a steading prepared for the purpose, the crowd instantly falling back to a respectable distance. Landing him without accident, the general wished me to lead him to the residence of Major Biddle, distant a quarter of a mile from the landing. Courageous as ever, I led him on, though some of the time he would lead his leader. Bruin often looked around at the crowd that was following up at a prudent distance behind. I arrived safely at the residence and made Grizzly fast to an apple tree that stood there. I had scarcely got to the length of the chain, when he made a furious spring at me; the chain, very fortunately, was a strong one, and held him fast.

"I then called at the major's house, and, delivering our general's compliments to him, informed him he had sent a pet for his acceptance. He inquired what kind of a pet and, taking him to the tree where I had made fast the bear, I showed the huge beast to him. The major almost quaked with fear. While we stood looking at him, a small pig happened to pass near the bear, when Grizzly dealt him such a blow with his paw that he left him not a whole bone in his body, and piggy fell dead out of the bear's reach.

"The Major invited me in, and, setting out some of his best, I drank his health according to the custom of those days, and left to rejoin my companions."

Harrison Clifford Dale, who quotes Beckwourth, was Professor of Political Science in the University of Wyoming, located at Laramie. He gives the story without comment. There is little doubt but what Beckwourth, filled with liquor, may have performed just such a fool-hardy feat.

Youth

By L. E. FLACK

IT WAS a cool spring day. Constance Randolph, eyes lowered, warm coat muffled up to her chin, plunged ahead. The next moment there was a sharp, little cry; Constance pulled herself up from the slippery pavement and a young gentleman was offering profuse apologies.

"My own fault," Constance said, and she dimpled at the concern in the stranger's eyes. "I should have looked ahead. But," and she laughed, "it serves me right. I was playing hooky from our high school luncheon!"

"Hooky! That sounds great. Aren't you Connie somebody?" For a moment the young man's eyes widened. He was a pleasant young man, Constance thought, pleasant and friendly, but for the life of her she couldn't place him, and he certainly seemed to know her name, if nothing more. For just once she would not explain that she was a teacher. A teacher and—going on thirty. Constance gave a little involuntary shudder.

"You're cold!" the young gentleman said with concern.

"Oh, no—that is, er—"

"You must have some lunch. It will warm you up. There's a tea room around the block," he said eagerly.

CONSTANCE, staid, sober mathematician, was about to refuse. Then a little light began to dance in her eyes. Well, why not. If this gentleman was in the habit of standing squarely in the middle of the sidewalk looking at nothing while young women also looking at nothing collided with him, and had to pick themselves up off the damp pavement, well, why shouldn't he treat them to a meal to offset the inconvenience?

Over the charming little blue and orange table of the almost deserted tea room Constance had a better view of her companion. He had clear blue eyes, blond hair

with that curl "you love to touch!" and a thoughtful expression. He seemed a little flurried over the ordering, but Constance insisted that he get just what he wished. She wondered if this little episode were as novel in his life as it was in her own.

WHAT would Principal Smith say if he saw her now, calmly sitting at a table with a strange young man? Principal Smith, who had informed her that she would meet his brother at the luncheon. That was really why she had run away. She might be twenty-nine, but she was too young to play dinner companion to some frumpy, uninteresting old bachelor.

"So you're from Garfield," the young man across the table said when in the course of inconsequential conversation, she had mentioned the name of the school. "I'm from Lincoln."

"Oh—hi!" It was her turn to be surprised. A high school boy! She had taken him for older. Probably a senior. She had better explain. This was her second year of high school teaching. She—but something caught in her throat as she tried. Oh, well, she'd never see him again. What was the dif—as the girls at school said, and she plunged into an amusing account of some high school pranks of which—she did not explain—she had been merely a witness instead of a participant.

THE young gentleman was an agreeable companion. Together they laughed over high school pranks, the latest movie, the newest book. Almost unconsciously Constance found herself affecting the line of the high school

girls. Yes, she loved this; she adored that; something else was darling. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed—oh, it was silly—but—she was still young!

It was a delightful luncheon, and Constance rose reluctantly. Her companion seemed as reluctant as she.

"I know it isn't—er—customary to press an acquaintance of this sort—but," he floundered a moment. "What do you say if we take in that new movie tomorrow night?"

Constance nearly gasped. The dear boy! Asking an old staid school teacher. But just then she caught a glimpse of herself in the long mirror. There was an unaccustomed vivaciousness about her face—her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were glowing—she was young.

"I'll love it!" she said a little breathlessly.

YES, just once. It would be all over the moment he found out. She would tell him quietly when the movie was over. Twenty-nine. And he—

But she did not tell him. It was the most wonderful evening she had ever spent—wonderful somehow because of that strange, glowing feeling of youth. She had broken away—for two golden hours she was no longer staid Miss Randolph, mathematics instructor. She was Constance Randolph, high school senior, a glowing, vivid personality. Nor did she tell him in the evenings that followed. It was like a dream, throwing off the mask of every day life, being happy, gay, herself, for a few short hours.

Days passed into weeks—weeks into months—and then on a clear, starlit night he proposed.

(Continued on page 569)



Another Unknown Soldier

By MARGARET C. MOLONEY

FOOLISHLY Stephen had thought the fight over when the armistice was signed. Later, when he was discharged as cured from the hospital, with the suggestion that he take up some kind of work that would keep him out of doors he hadn't realized that he was going over the top again, alone this time, a shaking, weak buddy, without the heartening presence of his comrades—so firm was he in the belief that the fight was over.

When the outside work had resolved itself into a job of peddling women's wear from door to door the discharged soldier fought with every bit of his strength and courage for a footing in a strange world nothing at all like the jolly world he had quitted at his country's call. In that world Stephen had had a good job, a good home, and a very dear mother.

SELLING articles they could not afford to busy women would have been no trick at all for the other Stephen, the lad with the engaging grin and the boyish assurance; but it was torture for this poor Stephen with shaky hands, and shell-shocked nerves—much harder than it had been to go over the top over there.

The rooming house, too, was hard on this changed boy. This Stephen needed a home and a mother much more than the other Stephen had needed them. Yet with all the loneliness he was thankful that the dear little mother had not lived to see what her country had returned to her, purporting to be her boy—the glorious specimen of manhood she had loaned it.

DAY after day Stephen went forth to battle, ringing doorbells, flinching at the harshness of disgruntled housewives, selling a little, but not enough to provide the nourishing food he needed. Night after night he came back to the lonely hall bedroom to battle with wakefulness—battling for rest and sleep that would bring forgetfulness.



There was no one to notice that the boy was getting thinner, that the shaky hands were shaking more alarmingly, that the brave smile was faltering. Stephen, himself, did not realize that he was losing ground, so occupied was he in battling for a footing.

HE didn't think about giving up the fight—until the morning he found himself facing a pert young woman with a basket of Flanders' poppies. Suddenly the courage that had stood by the soldier all through the war, and the battles since, deserted him. He stood staring at the flimsy little red flower the pert young woman was offering him, memories crowding in on him, exhausting the little strength he had.

The woman was outraged at his hesitancy.

"You wouldn't desert a buddy, would you?" Her harsh, unfeeling voice made the wounded soldier shudder. "They did not hesitate," she reminded him, in her parrot tone.

STEPHEN'S shaky hand went into his pocket and the

quarter that had meant breakfast and carfare was exchanged for the little red flower.

To the woman's "thank you" Stephen managed a smile, then, with the poppy in his hand, he turned down the street. Block after block he trudged, his heavy suitcase in one hand, and a poppy in the other, but he rang no doorbells. He had given up the fight. Finally, weariness drove him back to his hall bedroom.

MECHANICALLY he let himself in, picked up a letter on the mail desk, noted it was from the wholesale house, and with the help of the bannister managed the one flight of stairs. As he went down the hall he noticed there'd been a change of tenants in the suite adjoining his room. He was glad. Maybe the new people would not be so noisy, and he'd be able to sleep. As he passed the open door the new tenant, a motherly looking woman, placed a framed photograph on the mantel, and looking up greeted Stephen.

Stephen didn't return the greeting, he was staring at the picture.

"My son," the woman explained, sadly, yet proudly.

"Bobbie Burton," said Stephen. His voice pounded in his ears, as he went down.

WHEN Bobbie Burton's buddy came to he was on a couch in the new tenant's room, and a gentle hand was bathing his face with cool water.

"Well," she said when his eyes opened, and in her voice was thankfulness. "I thought you never would wake up. Feeling better?"

"We were pals," said Stephen, his eyes going back to the picture.

"I know you were. Good old Steve he always called you in his letters. I got your name from the letter you dropped," she explained. "No, no," she said. "You stay right there. I was just getting a

bite of lunch. Could you drink a cup of something hot?"

"I don't know anything I'd rather have," Stephen said, and the way he said it made the woman hurry to get it started.

"A nice way for Uncle Sam to treat our boys," she said bitterly when she came back. "Those poor little poppies and the wealth of this nation! I haven't the love for the old flag I once had, Stephen."

STEPHEN rallied to the defense of the flag.

"But it isn't the flag, Uncle Sam didn't let us down, Mrs. Burton," he said earnestly. "It's just that politics gets the reins somehow."

"You talk just like Bobbie," she smiled. "He'd never hear anything said about the old flag. Poor Bobbie! He never knew just how little the soldiers mattered—when they came back."

"We've got to do something about it!" Stephen declared feverishly. "That's why I just must get a footing. I can't shirk my responsibility."

"Well, now, we are not going to get into a political argument, you and me, Stephen," Mrs. Burton hastened to placate him. "We're going to have lunch, right now." She laid her hand against his cheek, and smiled down at him, and Stephen smiled back at her gratefully.

IT wasn't long before she returned with a tray well filled, which she placed on a table beside the couch.

"No, you don't get up," she laughed. "I insist on making an invalid of you. It makes me feel important." She piled the pillows up behind him till he was sitting up, put a plate in his lap, and soon they were chatting like old friends, about spring in the city, what strange things rooming houses were, the crowds on the streets—everything and anything but—Bobbie Burton. They couldn't either one talk of him—yet.

WHEN the luncheon was finished and Stephen looking much better was stretched out comfortably again, obeying orders, Mrs. Burton carried the dishes

away, and coming back brought her chair close.

"We know each other pretty well now, don't we, Stephen?" she asked.

"I know you are the nicest person I've met since I came home," said Stephen, earnestly.

"Thank you," she smiled. "You're the nicest thing I've met since—Bobbie left me." She swallowed quickly, and hurried on. "I'm alone on that big farm, Stephen—except the help, you know. Do you think you could come home with me—and let me mother you till you get well? And then maybe you'd like the country well enough to stay on and take the management of the farm. I can't stand it there alone any longer. It's too awful, Stephen." She steadied herself. "Let's be allies, in this awful battle we're fighting alone."

Stephen was sitting up now, in spite of protests.

"I'd like to go—if I were sure you needed me," he said, "but you can see how useless I am." He held up the poor thin shaking hands, and then let them drop miserably.

MRS. BURTON placed her hand over the shaky ones.

"All you need is plenty of milk and eggs and good nourishing food, and I do need you. You knew Bobbie. You must know what it means to me to know—he'll never come back to me." She fought the tears back valiantly.

Stephen still hesitated.

"You don't want to go," she said hopelessly.

"I do," Stephen said—"but, why, Mrs. Burton, I haven't money enough to—I haven't one cent, and I don't * * *

"Oh, Stephen," she cried, the tears having their way now, "if that's all, I'm so happy. I have money enough for both of us, and I'll be so glad to have someone to share it with again."

"Well, just till I get my footing," stipulated the stranded hero.

"Of course," she agreed. "It won't be long before you're taking care of me. Would you do that, Stephen?"

"Would I!" said Stephen, and the grin that had been lost for such a long time was right back in place again.

Youth

(Continued from page 567)

Constance raised dewy eyes. The next moment they darkened. Deceit—this was the result! Now she would have to tell.

IT WAS hard, but in a few stumbling words she made the explanation. She stood there, the laughter gone from her voice, the sparkle from her eye. She—she was twenty-nine. She looked up, expecting yet dreading to see his expression of contempt—contempt for a person who was trying to keep her youth.

Instead the next moment she heard a low relieved laugh.

"So is that all!" He was in excellent spirits. "But what if I don't object to twenty-nine!"

"You!" Constance's eyes were wide. "But you see, a mere boy —"

HE laughed again.

"I might be older than you think."

"But a senior in high."

"Did I ever say I was a senior?"

Her eyes widened incredulously.

"I was a senior ten years ago. I—" He laughed again. "I happen to be twenty-nine, too. I'm coach at—"

Suddenly Constance gave a little shudder.

"You—you're Principal Smith's brother, the new Lincoln coach!" she gasped. "And I—I—"

"Constance Randolph, mathematics teacher—I've seen your picture, heard your praises sung to the—"

"You—you knew—all the time!" she accused.

He nodded.

"As soon as I heard about the luncheon. You see, well—I was trying to get away from that same reception, myself. I thought you must be a paragon, and—"

A light had begun to dance in Constance's eye, and she looked up saucily.

"And am I not!" she demanded while her cheeks dimpled.

His answer was conclusive!

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

*All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve;
and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.*

Sacrament Meetings

By JOSEPH JENKINS
Of the L. D. S. High School

A FEW weeks ago a bishop of one of the wards made the following statement: "What is the trouble with our Sacrament meetings. Just last night we had a slim attendance and the people there were mostly women and older men. Why is it we don't get the young men and young girls, and more of the men who are leaders in the auxiliaries?" The good bishop was concerned as all bishops are over the most important Sunday service.

I am sure all of us desire to help make the problems connected with Sacrament meetings easier to solve. I took the questions asked by the bishop to a representative group of high school seniors in the Latter-day Saints High School. "What do you like and dislike about the Sacrament meetings as conducted in your wards." I asked seventy of them. "Will you be frank and honest in your written answers. Kindly write during this hour period. I desire to find out what you find in these meetings that is stimulating, and what you find in them that you do not like."

WHILE the students were writing their essays, I thought back over my youth and tried to see the problems that presented themselves at that time. I do not think my own vivid pictures of Sacrament meetings will ever leave me. To me they were long and dry and nearly always the same. I seldom understood what was said, and often grew tired and sleepy because the subjects discussed were either over my head, or far away from the life I knew. Very seldom were the talks short or concrete, or made interesting by examples found in my own life's experiences. In fact, the aim of the meetings that I was forced to attend was one of length: two hours. I do not remember with any degree of clearness any one year when the Sacrament meetings were for the year definitely planned. Of course, I appreciate the efforts made at that time. Once in a while some one would arrange a meeting that stimulated. And when this happened I

remember that some leader had young folks take part. How happy they were! They sang and prayed and gave short religious talks. The boys and girls would draw from their own interests in the lives of the prophets and great leaders of the Church. Otherwise I sat with my feet dangling from the edge of a bench which was far too high for me until my legs cried out for activity, and I squirmed, much to the worry of my mother.

I THOUGHT over the speakers we had during most of the meetings. They were nearly always the same from Sunday to Sunday. Perhaps I wasn't attentive, for I could see the town team playing ball on the grounds some two blocks away. Why did I look out the window? Wasn't it because there was a serious lack of preparation and careful study on the part of the speakers? One speaker did, I remember, catch our interest. He wasn't scolding nor finding fault, but he told us stories that gripped, and we went away built up. Here is one of his stories:

"A farmer took a sack one night to use in his visit to a neighbor's potato patch. He took with him his small son. When the two arrived at the potato field, the father placed his little son near a corner post to watch. After a short time, the little fellow said, 'Daddy, there is some one seeing us.'"

"Who is it?" asked the father.

"God," answered the son. The father emptied the sack, took his little son's hand, and went home. There was indeed someone watching."

THIS little story was but one of the many used in driving home a lesson. Did we get the meaning? Every youngster listened with rapt attention. That day the ball team had live competition.

My thoughts were indeed going back. I could see not only the same speakers but also the same singers. I know of certain families whose members did all the special singing, and some individuals who did all the special speaking. As I grew older,

I often thought it would be a good practice to discover the talents of all the young men and women, and then develop those talents through some form of religious expression. Young missionaries were known to spend many months home before they were given responsibility. A friend of mine was home ten years before he was called to speak. By then he was rusty and had lost much of the enthusiasm built up while on his mission. If we keep green the abilities of all the young people and permit directed expression under wise guidance of mature men, then the problem of religious education will be started toward solution.

THE devotionals held in the B. Y.

U. were good examples of spiritual meetings. The music was beautiful and timely and the talks were full of vitality and interest. A friend who had attended the B. Y. U. and had caught the spirit of the youth of the Church asked the bishop of our ward for permission to furnish the program the next Sunday. The bishop was curious and gave permission. The young man went to work. Four boys' choruses were prepared. Suitable music and short talks were selected and practiced. Parents became interested and helped. Quartettes and solos were included. In fact, the young man planned a program for one hour and a half. The house was filled. During the passing of the Sacrament, one boy sang, "I know that my Redeemer Lives." At the end of the meeting the bishop, quite happy and pleased, invited his people to keep up the interest shown that day.

HOW distinctly I remember rushing home from Sunday School before my parents and changing my "store" clothes, donning a pair of overalls and an old shirt, and up to the old swimming hole I would go. And I wasn't alone either. Many boys were on the old trail. Why weren't they at meeting? Boys will find something to do, something that

catches their interests even if it is not directed activity. What an opportunity was lost! We learned to swim and dive and lie in the sand. We could have learned these just as well on Saturday and better had there been a leader of influence who really desired our attendance at Sacrament meeting. One man did take an interest in us and because of him many of us attended our meetings on the Sabbath day. We found him suggesting readings that were faith-promoting. We loved him because he helped to direct our interests.

"Shall I place these essays on your desk?" I came back from the past and found the students leaving. And here are a few of the thoughts expressed by them:

"I like a great many things about Sacrament meetings. First of all, I think nothing is so wonderful as being able to partake of the Sacrament. Secondly, I love the music. I love music of all kinds, from the funeral marches to the latest melody-less jazz. Thirdly, I would rather watch people than almost anything else and Sacrament meetings certainly furnish original individuals for observation. The meetings give me a serene sense of peace and quiet. You relax and sit back and enjoy it. You may not hear anything that is said, but you have the spirit of contentment and rest that a church gives you."

"The wonderful spirit that is shown in our ward at Sacrament meetings is very inspirational. Our ward was just divided and in doing this it has brought out to church many people who hadn't often come out before. Every one comes out and we have a wonderful time. Our Sacrament meetings are good; all go to church with the idea of worship of God and with prayerful hearts, which are humble."

"I like Sacrament meetings for the thing they symbolize. It seems to me that one cannot be reminded too frequently of the sacrifice Christ made to save the human race."

"One of the most inspiring silences in church meetings is the wonderful stillness which pervades a building while the Sacrament is being passed. At this time the spirit of God is obviously present. Even the smallest child seems awed into silence. No dress rustles, no foot falls, no mouth speaks; not even a cough disturbs the holy feeling inspired by God's spirit, which seems to muffle sounds like a heavy blanket. Such silence as this gives true joy."

"By these meetings one hears the testimonies of others and his own is strengthened."

"I think there are more likes than dislikes about Sacrament meetings. I think there are many things of interest: music, prayer, Sacrament, ser-

mon. Meetings always bring you closer to your fellow-men and of course to God. You get out of church just what you put into church."

"I like Sacrament meetings because they tend toward building character. They are inspiring and help to keep the attenders interested in truth and to a great extent away from folly. They who go to Sacrament meetings with a desire to learn will be benefited."

There were forty-four positive criticisms named in the essays of the students. The first one, good music, appeared thirty-one times. Good music plays a great part in the lives of the young people of the Church. Young people like the thing they call the Spiritual. This item appeared twenty-one times. The third item was that of partaking of the Sacrament. Our young people do like Sacrament meetings if they are carefully planned.

THE following quotations are representative of the dislikes expressed by the students:

"Most Sacrament meetings become dry and monotonous. The speakers are not interesting. The subjects are not interesting. People who cannot put over their ideas should not be asked to talk in Sacrament meetings."

"At most Sacrament meetings I cannot help feeling there is a lack of sincerity, that the real purpose is forgotten. Of course this is not true of all meetings, but the more I see of them the more I feel that they are getting to be a matter of form and the real spirit is neglected in order that things may come off right and there will be no mistake."

"What I don't like about Sacrament meetings is the fact that often programs are not prepared and one is compelled to sit through dry speeches. I think all meetings should be planned to the last detail with appropriate numbers, speakers and songs."

"The bishop who engages the speakers should call men who are good at making talks and he should tell them to make their speeches especially interesting to the younger generation."

"Most people now are restless. They can sit still for just so long and then they start getting tired of listening to one person talk. I think that if, at the Sacrament meeting, a small program could be arranged for each Sunday in addition to the speaker, more young people would attend."

"I do not like to attend Sacrament meetings for several reasons: the length, too dry, non-impressive speeches; the conversation that is carried on during the entire meeting."

"More preparation should be made for the meetings."

"Have the speakers talk on something more interesting to young people and still keep religion fixed in their minds. Tell interesting incidents. Furnish plenty of music. Let every one take part at some time or other."

"Have the young people of the wards give short talks on subjects that we know something about. Have a variety of beautiful music."

"Give the young people a chance to prepare two or three short talks about things which are interesting to them. Every one will listen to one of his friends talk. Have a musical program and take good talent from the ward."

"If they were interesting and the speakers talked so we could hear what was said, more people would attend. They should let out on time."

"Why don't they call on some of the young folks to take charge and furnish the program?"

"The speakers are usually old in spirit and poor in delivery and talk too long. There are too many seat giggers. I would suggest good music, a few flowers, two or three snappy speakers who talk on the present needs and the outlook for the future."

"I do not go very often because there is little to interest young people."

THERE were twenty-five separate negative criticisms found in the essays written by the students. "Too long" appeared forty times; "Too dry" appeared thirty-seven times; "Sameness" appeared thirty-three times. There were seventy essays handed in. Young people's likes and dislikes are definite and marked and are a direct challenge to us as leaders in our wards.

Happy indeed is the leader who plans his meetings and works out programs that are vital and full of meaning to the youth of the Church. The young people like Sacrament meetings if they are full of spiritual things made vital through music and well-prepared talks. Their likes and dislikes should help us with our problems. Shall we solve them?

The Sacrament In Sacrament Meeting

INFORMATION has come to us that in the wards of one of the stakes of Zion instructions have been given by the stake authorities to hold the Sacrament meeting immediately after Sunday School, and not to administer the Sacrament in the Sacrament meeting.

After careful consideration of this matter with the First Presidency, it is felt that it is most important that the

Sacrament be administered in every Sacrament meeting. The Sacrament meeting is the one meeting that has been designated by revelation from the Lord. The identity and purpose of this meeting should be strictly maintained, and it should therefore be conducted as such. It should be held at the hour on Sunday that will prove most convenient for the largest number of ward members. These meetings should be as carefully planned as any other gatherings held in the ward, in order to make them just as impressive and spiritual as possible. If proper care and attention is given to this matter, there is no doubt that the attendance at these meetings will materially increase.

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC.

Aaronic Priesthood Items

AS the result of several inquiries that have been made recently, it appears that there is no uniform understanding among the officers of the Church as to the proper form concerning the advancement of young men holding the Aaronic Priesthood. Some make advancements by groups and give very little consideration as to the qualifications and preparedness of the young man for advancement.

An excellent course of study has been prepared for the members of the Aaronic Priesthood, and if the young men study the outlines, they will be prepared for advancement. Each boy before being transferred or advanced should pass a satisfactory examination for the purpose of demonstrating that he has become familiar with his duties in the present order of the Priesthood, that he has attended to all duties required of him, has shown an interest in his work which would justify his advancement in the Priesthood. When he is found worthy, after serving the normal term of service and training, he should be invited to attend the next sacramental or fast meeting following his birthday, and there he should be ordained in the presence of the congregation. The usual term for each order of the Priesthood is as follows: In the office of deacon for three years, the office of teacher for two years, the office of priest for three years, and promotion should be based entirely on the faithful performance of his duties. The ordination to any office in the Priesthood carries with it the responsibility to lead an exemplary life.

Prior to the date appointed for promotion, the parents of those selected for advancement should be notified.

The officers of the Primary Association have expressed a desire to arrange the last year's training of the boy in the Primary Association so that it will prepare the boy in essential matters, especially to impress upon him the importance of the Aaronic Priesthood,

its value to him in his life's training, and responsibility which comes to him when he accepts that Priesthood.

We sincerely hope that the members of the Church and the parents of the boys particularly, as well as the bishops and supervisors and others who may be appointed to train the boys will assist in every possible way to prepare them for the office and calling of the Aaronic Priesthood.

The Aaronic Priesthood reports for the month ending February 28, show

that less than one-tenth of those who hold the Aaronic Priesthood have up to this date secured the course of study required. It would appear from this showing that many have not grasped the importance of Priesthood work and the need of taking up this course of preparation at the beginning of the year. May we urge all who are appointed to supervise the work of the Aaronic Priesthood to take steps immediately to have their quorum members supplied at an early date.

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC.

Field Notes



GATHERING OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD, TETON STAKE

DURING the latter part of February the first annual Teton Stake Aaronic Priesthood gathering was held under the direction of the Stake Priesthood Committee, John J. Durtschi, Chairman.

The brethren all gathered at the Stake House at 11 a. m. for games. 12 o'clock luncheon, served by the Boy Scouts of Driggs. 1:30 Priesthood Meeting. 2:30 all marched to the Orpheum Theater led by the Boy Scout band under the direction of Clarence Murdock, where they enjoyed a very fine picture show as guests of the stake presidency.

A splendid time was enjoyed and all expressed themselves as hoping it should become an annual affair.

The object of the day was to stimulate interest in the Aaronic Priesthood of the stake.

Aaronic Priesthood Committee,
Teton Stake.

Liberty Stake Conference

At the Stake Conference, held in the Assembly Hall at Salt Lake City, Sunday morning, April 20th, as a result of special preparation there were over 900 members of the Aaronic Priesthood seated in the gallery and approximately a like number of other members of that stake in the main body of the hall, a total of 1800 in all.

The Aaronic Priesthood members performed practically all parts on the program for the morning session. Most of the singing was done by the young men. Three splendid talks were given by a Priest, a Teacher and a Deacon, relative to various phases of the Aaronic Priesthood work. Also one of the Eagle Scouts presented a brief explanation of the Scout Oath and the Scout Law. The Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee were presented by President Bryant S. Hinckley and Bishop J. A. Rockwood, Chairman of that committee, made a few remarks, telling of the work being done. Altogether the results were very satisfactory.

Attendance Contest— Aaronic Priesthood

BISHOP OSCAR J. HARLINE of Hillcrest ward, Grant stake, reports an attendance contest with Central Park ward as follows:

At our regular monthly leadership meeting held September 22, 1929, Brother Joy Worthington, supervisor of Aaronic Priesthood of Central Park ward, challenged any ward in Grant stake to an Aaronic Priesthood attendance contest for a period of three

(Continued on page 574)



MUTUAL WORK



General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,

Executive Department

Gen'l Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

Gen'l Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

The June Conference

THE annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations will be held in Salt Lake City on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 6, 7, 8.

Preparations for the program are progressing steadily and there is every evidence that this will be an outstanding convention. The spirit of the occasion will be in keeping with the Centennial anniversary of the Church.

Program for the Conference

The general theme of the Conference is "Onward with Mormon Ideals." This theme will color the proceedings of each session, all of which will be general, excepting brief luncheon periods and period on Saturday morning, from 9 to 10 o'clock.

Friday, June 6

Assembly Hall—10:00 a. m.

Joint opening session—under the direction of the Executive Officers. At this meeting will be presented various exercises in keeping with the theme and also a dramatization representing the *Improvement Era*.

12:15 a. m.

Special group meetings:

Bee-Keepers.
Junior Leaders.

4:30 p. m.

M. I. A. Outing

Saturday, June 7

9:00 a. m.

Separate Department Meetings:

Executives.
Secretaries.
Music Department.
Associated Activities Department.
Adult Department.
M Men-Gleaner Department.
Finance and Publications Department.

M Men-Gleaner Theme Song Carry On

By Ruth May Fox

*FIRM as the mountain around us.
Stalwart and brave we stand,
On the rock our fathers planted
For us in this goodly land.
The rock of honor and virtue.
Of faith in the living God,
They raised his banner triumphant
Over the desert sod.*

Chorus

*And we hear the desert singing.
Carry on, carry on, carry on.
Hills and vales and mountains ring-
ing.
Carry on, carry on, carry on:
Holding aloft our colors
We march in the glorious dawn.
O youth, of the noble birthright.
Carry on, carry on, carry on.*

*We'll build on the rock they
planted*

*A palace to the king;
Into its shining corridors
Our songs of praise we'll bring.
For the heritage they left us.
Not of gold or worldly wealth.
But a blessing everlasting
Of love and joy and health.*

Assembly Hall—10:00 a. m.
Vanguard-Scout Meeting.

Tabernacle 10:00 a. m.

Festival of Bee-Hive and Junior Girls:
Demonstrations of the varied activities of both departments. All Junior and Bee-Hive Girls of the Church invited to participate.

This will be a general session for all Y. L. M. I. A. workers.

12:15 p. m.

Stake Superintendents and Stake Presidents will be special guests of the General Boards at luncheon.

Afternoon

Semi-finals in all contest events.
Swarm Day Demonstrations.
Bee-Hive Girls.

Evening

Demonstrations and final contests.

Sunday, June 8

Assembly Hall—8:00 a. m.
Joint Officers testimony meeting.

Tabernacle—10:00 a. m.

General Session—M. I. A. and Primary Association.

Tabernacle—2:00 p. m.

General Session under the direction of First Presidency of the Church.

Tabernacle—7:00 p. m.

General Session of M Men and Gleaners.

Following the Conference, on Monday, June 9, there will be held a Music convention. All music directors of both the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. are cordially invited to attend.

Also, on Monday and Tuesday, June 9 and 10, will be held the usual Y. L. M. I. A. Institute for leaders of all departments.

On Thursday, June 5, will occur the contests for Divisions 2 and 3 and District 3.

Secretaries

The month of May marks the close of the intensive season of M. I. A. work. The report for this year is not a scoring report, but a record of your achievements. If you have kept a duplicate copy as recommended, you now have on file a complete record of the main features of work accomplished during the year.

How has the present form met your needs. We shall appreciate receiving comments from stake or ward secretaries.

Attendance Contest— Aaronic Priesthood

(Continued from page 572)

months—October, November and December.

Brother Wallace E. Potter, supervisor of the Hillcrest ward, accepted the challenge for the bishopric. The conditions agreed upon were: The contest to begin October 1st and end December 31st; the ward having the best attendance record to be treated to a banquet and party by the other ward; the attendance to be based on the entire ward Aaronic Priesthood enrollment, including absent members, older men, etc.

The methods adopted in Hillcrest ward to promote attendance were as follows: Our supervisor, together with the class leaders, visited each man or boy in the ward who was not regularly attending, advised him of the contest, and asked for his cooperation by attendance at Priesthood and Sunday School meetings, and by attendance at the banquet. If he agreed, that was sufficient. But if any member would not promise, the bishopric paid him a visit and sought his cooperation. If, thereafter, any boy was absent, the quorum presidency would visit him before the following Sunday.

For instance, one young man, an ordained teacher, who had not been at a quorum meeting for a year or

more, promised that he would attend. Sunday came but the young man was not present. After the class had commenced, the Teachers' Quorum Presidency left the meeting. They went to his home and succeeded in getting him to come to meeting. This occurred twice. As a result, this young man is preparing himself to be ordained a priest.

At the close of the contest, the attendance record for the period was as follows: priests—86%; teachers—74%; deacons—89%; or an average of 83%. However, the Central Park ward showed an average attendance of 87½%, thereby winning the

competition. We arranged, therefore, for the banquet in our ward on Saturday, Feb. 1, 1930, at 7:30 p. m.

Our banquet hall was beautifully decorated in pink and white, with one table 84 feet long and an extra table 14 feet long. The members were served with a delicious hot supper. In addition to the bishoprics, ward clerks and their wives, and the supervisors, and 155 members of the Aaronic Priesthood of the two wards, there were present Bishop David A. Smith of the Presiding Bishopric and the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of Grant stake. Following the banquet, suitable games were played.

Monthly Report of Accomplishments March, 1930

Y. M. M. I. A.

STAKES	Attendance Avg. At-	Week by Week Program						Adult Party	Opera	Sunday Joint Meeting
		Adult Depts.	M Men	Vanguard	Scout					
Boise	30	60	40	20	60			30	10	100
Cottonwood	40	70	60	30	60			50	30	70
Granite	20	30	20	40	40		0	0	0	40
Grant	50	78	86	50	100		7	43	86	
North Davis	50	80	80	100	100		16	48	100	
Oreida	55	66	55	22	55		22	22	77	
Pioneer	30	60	50	10	50		30	10	70	
Portneuf	23	56	34	34	45		23	12	56	
Salt Lake	24	89	49	8	89		55	0	100	
Tropic	20	40	30	0	30		30	0	70	
Utah	36	36	24	0	36		0	0	36	

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE A WINNER, TOO?



These Young People Have Won 24 Typewriters in Local and National Contests

SUMMER TERM STARTS JUNE 2.

Taking advantage of Summer School will put you in a position two or three months sooner. Difference in earnings will pay for a course. A position secured for every graduate. We have had more positions than we could fill.

Call, write, or phone for information. Visitors welcome.

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J. C. Henager

D. B. Moench

45 East Broadway

Wasatch 2753

ENROLL IN A SCHOOL WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION

Y. L. M. I. A.

STAKES	Ave. Attendance	Week by Week Program					Adult Party	Opera	Sunday School Meeting
		Adult	Gleaner	Junior	Rec- Hve	Rec- Hve			
Alpine	67	100	40	83	40	40	0	100	
Bannock	44	44	22	22	33	33	22	33	
Bear Lake	45	73	64	97	64	64	27	73	
Bear River	81	76	97	76	82	40	0	100	
Benson	43	100	76	90	85	64	0	92	
Boise	40	70	71	10	70	40	0	80	
Boxelder	81	78	81	60	100	53	74	100	
Cache	100	100	100	100	100	23	0	100	
Carbon	42	71	67	28	67	0	14	71	
Cassia	20	80	97	100	40	20	0	60	
Cottonwood	50	70	80	80	80	30	20	80	
Deseret	33	50	67	50	50	42	0	0	
East Jordan	50	50	80	80	90	40	0	80	
Emery	28	71	56	71	71	28	0	0	
Ensign	45	50	73	73	73	36	9	100	
Fremont	45	85	42	72	72	57	42	80	
Garfield	50	50	25	12	12	0	12	60	
Granite	40	50	80	80	90	20	0	80	
Grant	71	70	86	78	93	0	21	93	
Gunnison	68	69	66	66	71	0	69	69	
Hollywood	36	100	91	45	82	36	9	91	
Hyrum	100	100	50	0	50	25	0	100	
Idaho	17	69	62	54	38	17	78	17	
Idaho Falls	80	100	100	80	100	60	0	80	
Juarez	80	50	40	100	50	50	17	50	
Kanab	50	66	33	33	66	50	17	83	
Kolob	80	100	100	100	60	20	100	100	
Lehi	83	100	100	83	100	82	17	100	
Liberty	73	89	100	100	100	46	0	180	
Los Angeles	60	80	90	60	90	70	0	100	
Lost River	25	25	25	0	25	25	0	50	
Lyman	67	67	60	60	67	33	0	67	
Malad	38	80	50	73	63	50	24	0	
Maricopa	70	80	80	80	70	60	30	100	
Millard	33	100	83	100	83	83	17	0	
Minidoka	24	36	12	24	24	12	12	50	
Moapa	56	67	83	100	78	67	11	89	
Montpelier	49	57	71	7	57	7	0	64	
Morgan	37	86	24	37	60	60	12	100	
Moreni	60	60	80	60	60	40	20	60	
Nebo	84	89	89	55	89	44	0	89	
North Sanpete	60	100	100	100	80	80	0	40	
North Sevier	50	100	75	100	75	75	25	100	
North Weber	65	50	60	43	65	7	7	91	
Ogden	73	82	91	91	100	27	0	91	
Oneida	55	73	64	27	73	18	27	73	
Quirrh	83	100	83	100	83	66	0	100	
Panguitch	40	40	25	17	25	17	0	40	
Parowan	30	80	50	50	40	30	20	50	
Pioneer	70	80	80	80	100	50	0	100	
Pocatello	30	100	90	70	80	70	40	100	
Raft River	32	17	32	32	32	32	17	17	
Roosevelt	30	60	60	30	40	20	0	80	
Snowflake	22	55	44	22	44	33	0	55	
South Davis	75	100	100	87	87	75	37	100	
South Sevier	50	50	63	36	85	23	0	74	
Star Valley	36	45	82	45	54	54	0	82	
Sharon	100	100	100	71	28	0	100	100	
St. Johns	0	56	56	28	28	0	14	42	
St. Joseph	21	50	36	36	57	43	43	50	
Salt Lake	50	92	92	75	92	53	0	100	
Taylor	60	80	80	60	60	20	0	100	
Timpanogos	67	100	67	100	100	17	0	100	
Tintic	25	75	75	50	50	0	0	0	
Tooele	85	24	61	24	73	36	0	61	
Twin Falls	40	100	40	60	40	20	40	100	
Uintah	36	60	85	12	73	60	24	100	
Utah	75	67	89	89	89	22	0	100	
Wasatch	65	100	100	100	100	100	0	100	
Weber	55	77	77	88	88	66	0	100	
West Jordan	85	85	85	73	87	25	0	100	
Woodruff	100	100	100	20	100	100	60	100	
Yellowstone	70	50	50	37	60	50	20	60	
Young	50	50	50	25	50	25	0	100	
Zion Park	50	83	50	17	50	50	17	83	
California Mission	30	60	50	27	33	42	27	72	
Eastern States Mission	43	37	6	0	6	0	0	0	
Northern States Mission	56	43	12	12	0	18	0	50	

¹Road Shows given in place of opera on stake basis. One ward completed drama.

²One ward completed drama.

³One ward presenting opera April 1st.

⁴Three wards held Sunday School Convention on conjoint Sunday.

⁵Two wards will present opera in April—three wards will give drama.

⁶One ward has completed all back work.

⁷One ward held Gleaner party—one Gold and Green Ball.

⁸Two wards to present opera.

⁹Opera to be presented in one ward soon.

¹⁰Three wards have completed drama. Two wards to present opera.

¹¹Two wards have completed drama.

¹²One play given.

¹³One Gleaner party given—one dance—four socials.

¹⁴One branch completed three one-act plays.

A venerable man is pleased when admired; in these days there are no venerable women to admire.

The stingy man is usually generous with advice.

The loudest cackler in the yard does not always lay the largest egg.

A man with poverty as his pace-maker often makes a world's record.

—Dorothy C. Retzlaff.

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Community Activity Department

E. E. Erickson, Emily C. Adams, Chairmen; Heber C. Iverson, John H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, Don Wood, Jos. F. Smith, J. Spencer Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, Elsie T. Brandley, Katie C. Jensen, Evangeline T. Beesley, Ethel S. Anderson

Motion Pictures

Children and the Movies

THE problem of children's connection with the movies is one which is challenging the attention of thinking people everywhere. Many Parent-Teachers' Associations have taken up the matter, with the result that matinees in school buildings or regular show-houses are being given especially for children, with pictures chosen which are appropriate. Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, in the "Motion Picture" tells of what one man accomplished in this respect.

Sixteen months ago, Mr. K. took over the management of a theater in a hard-working, God-fearing community of many children to the home, a community where there was not much money, but very much suspicion of the theater as an instrument of the devil. Life had neither abundant culture nor much leisure, but it had a strict adherence to duty, and after all, when you make friends with folks like that, they are more worthwhile than the easy-come-easy-go variety. Things did not look hopeful for the new manager. Though he had an unusually lovely little building, it was playing to half empty benches. He saw the children as his chief hope, unprejudiced small souls open to real human touch, impartial judges, who are going to measure the theater by what it really gives them. And he knew that you can't fool a child any more than you can an animal by a false friendliness. It has to be the genuine thing. Well, he did not have to pretend to like children. He honestly did. So there was a basis on which to build prosperity. Already dribbles of children were coming to Saturday matinees, not very enthusiastic small people, to be sure, but where else could they go? But the new manager began his reign by standing in the lobby these afternoons, and saying a word to each child, not a remote grown-uppy word, but a good fellow greeting that even went so far as to comment on a pretty new dress worn by a small girl, or a pat on the shoulder with a grin at a boy. Then began choice of such pictures as were really interesting to boys and girls, stories with the kinds of emotions and adventures that they could understand and enjoy. Soon the matinees added singing contests (and what people of any age can resist the infection of singing together?) or unexpected turns that had the charm of novelty.

Then a surprise prize for the boy whose appearance was the neatest—a free admission. You mothers would be astounded to see the change in scores of kids from one week to another. We noted them all carefully as they came each week, tousled heads were slicked up

and feet washed, (for we have many little barefoots) where the kindest maternal admonitions had failed.

Confidence and affection were to be built up, reaching parents through their children. And who can say where business left off and friendship began? We humans are conglomerations and do not always know our own motives, perhaps because mixed motives are not really contradictory motives but just fusions of our several parts.

This asset of children's confidence and affection has made itself felt in our relations with the whole community, and as a result, we have enjoyed a largely increased attendance and a large measure of respect from their parents. This naturally opened the door for us to assist in many civic movements and to enlist the support of our friends and patrons in carrying out movements inaugurated by ourselves.

Parent-Teachers Associations and Clubs and Daughters of all kinds with which we are familiar began to use the theater for benefits. The Orphan Asylum came. The Old Ladies' Home had motors sent for them and carrying them back with tender care. "The youngest was 75 and the oldest told me she was only 94 years old, and the only one in the Home who had any sense."

Said Mr. K.: "In my hands I hold a white rose and a package of fruit. They were given me yesterday by two children. They are a symbol of success priceless beyond words. At the same time these gifts are a subtle warning that woe betide if in my personal life or the conduct of the theater, we do aught which will grieve the spirit that prompted those little ones in making these gifts."

No, it is not a piece of fiction. It is the actual story of a real manager in a rather sordid suburb of a big city. The community theater is a part of every day life.

Not every manager has the clearness of vision of this one, perhaps, but all of them are human, and human differences and antagonisms usually fade when suspicions come face to face and find out of what flimsy material they are made. It was good business for the manager. It is still better business for mothers and teachers to make sure that such understanding grows up in the places to which their children are flocking that the exhibitor does not dare to violate the trust that is placed in him.

At this same conference, another manager said: "I get more pleasure out of watching the children at a Saturday afternoon matinee than from any other performance of the week." And still another: "Any junior matinee is profitable if it is the right show for children, regardless of its financial income."

For the Bride

The Bride's wedding stationery should include:—The wedding invitation or announcement—The "at home cards," and Calling Cards. Monogrammed stationery is the proper thing for the bride's thank you notes.

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THE FAMILY TO
PLAY

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A WEEK
AT BECKS

DRIVE OUT AND DIVE IN

The Church and its Responsibility

Various religious denominations are realizing the importance of the motion picture in the lives of their members, and the responsibility of the church in regulating it. In no other such group, perhaps, is there the opportunity which we have in our Church, for in every stake and ward an organization is effected which provides avenues of attack. Surely we should not lag behind other religious bodies in this matter, and the following is a statement of the attitude taken by many of them:

The Deerslayer	Edited
Evangeline	United Artists
Freckles	R. K. O.
The Harvester	R. K. O.
Keeper of the Bees	R. K. O.
A Kiss for Cinderella	Paramount
Laddie	R. K. O.
The Little Minister	Paramount
Little Women	Paramount
The Magic Garden	R. K. O.
Molly Make-Believe	Paramount
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	Paramount
Pollyanna	United Artists
Ramona	United Artists
Robinson Crusoe	Ameranglo
The Taming of the Shrew	United Artists
The Three Musketeers	United Artists
Tide of Empire	Metro Goldwyn Mayer
Treasure Island	Fox

(Continued on page 582)

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Wasatch 1922 Salt Lake City, Utah

The motion picture has improved steadily in the past eight years. Future improvement depends primarily on the intelligence and willingness on the part of the church and other community groups to do some work with the industry instead of futilely hunting for every possible atom of evil, and magnifying that evil as if it were the whole screen. Wherever the church forsakes its proper purpose of introducing high standards of life and fine behavior by persuasion and by example, and wherever the church appeals to laws and politically administered boards to do by force the work which it should do by instruction and leadership, the church fatally falls down. We have seen this demonstrated in more than one reform where we thought we had achieved victory, merely by the passage of a law. * * *

"Censorship will not work. It will not give us clean pictures. It will not bring about continuing improvement in the product. The only means by which we can achieve such continuing improvement is, on the one hand, to lead our people to appreciate and desire the best, and on the other hand, to make the motion picture industry realize that they can have the full support of the ministry and the community in so far as the industry will respond to this desire for high quality product."

One of the most perplexing questions which present themselves in the matter of motion pictures, is the one "Which pictures are worthwhile?" Many lists are to be had, but approved lists are not so plentiful. It is a difficult thing to preview pictures personally, and the next best thing is to use lists previewed by interested groups throughout the country and recommended by dependable people.

The following are films selected by the Library Committee, particularly suitable for children:

Book Adaptations

Adventures of Maya.....	Klein Corporation
(Life and adventures of Maya)	
As No Man Has Loved.....	Fox
(Hale's Historical classic 'The Man Without a Country')	
Black Beauty.....	Warner
The Blue Bird.....	Paramount
Captain January.....	Principal
Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.....	Fox
The Cricket on the Hearth.....	Edited

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Thousands of Iron Fireman users have had the same pleasant experience as the Manti Temple. Replacing old fashioned methods of firing with an Iron Fireman automatic coal burner means reduction of fuel costs from 15% to 50%, reduction in labor costs, elimination of the smoke nuisance, and the maintenance of even heat and power at all times.

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M Men - Gleaners Department

COMMITTEE

Combined M Men and Gleaners Committees

THE plans for the great Gleaner Girl-M Men Meeting in the Tabernacle on Sunday evening of June Conference are being worked out by a number of committees. The key-note of the program will be to inspire an appreciation for the work of the founders of our Church and to stir every one up with an enthusiastic desire to carry on the good work in the future.

Part of the program will take place on the huge stage erected for the pageant while the remainder of it will be in the nature of singing and speaking by the M Men and Gleaners. According to all reports, the whole lower floor of the Tabernacle and most of the stage will be occupied by M Men and Gleaners, while in the gallery will be seated officers and teachers of the M. I. A. organization.

Because of our inability to accommodate all who will desire to attend this meeting, no one will be admitted except by tickets which will be distributed first to M Men and Gleaners and then to stake and ward officers and teachers, and third to the public. These tickets will be given out during the June Conference. The Tabernacle will be decorated with banners from all of the stakes in the Church together with other appropriate decorations and everything is being done to make this meeting the most successful and spectacular gathering of young men and women in the history of our Church. Every ward and stake in the Church should advertise the meeting widely and to do all in their power to have as many M Men and Gleaners as possible attend the meeting.

Program

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman
Thomas A. Beal
Emily H. Higgs
Rachel G. Taylor
Floyd G. Eyre, Ogden
Eula Waldram, Ogden
Helen S. Williams, Salt Lake
Werner Kiepe, Salt Lake
Clarence S. Boyle, Provo
Leona Durrant, Provo

Advertising

Oscar W. Carlson, Chairman
Martha G. Smith
Allen Brockbank, Salt Lake
Ruth Tanner, Ogden
LeRoy Olsen, Provo

Decoration

Alma C. Clayton, Chairman
Grace C. Neslen
Lillian Booth, American Fork
D. R. Forsha, Ogden
Mildred Morgan, Salt Lake

Housing

Homer Warner, Chairman
Martha G. Smith
T. F. Williams, Ogden
A. P. Warnick, Provo
James W. Fitches, Salt Lake

The M Men-Gleaner Banquet

AS everybody knows, there are banquets, and banquets, and the difference doesn't lie in the food served but in the atmosphere of the occasion. Flowers, lights, pretty clothes awaken the artistic sense. Add to these the elevation of thought and feeling which is inspired by a few words of grace simply, but sincerely, uttered; by beautiful music; by community singing of well-known M. I. A. songs, and the best emotions of the heart are aroused.

A delightful banquet and ball was held in the Hotel Bigelow, Ogden, Utah, by the M Men and Gleaner Girls of the Mount Ogden Stake, under the direction of the M. I. A. Stake Presidency. Two hundred and thirty-one guests were served. Each ward planned and arranged its own table decorations, the result being a harmonious display of beautiful flowers.

An interesting feature of the delightful program was the toast "To the Gleaner Girls," by Art Farley, an M Man, and its response "To the M Men," by Eula Waldram, a Gleaner girl. At the close of the dinner, when the large gathering rose to its feet and sang: *Dear M. I. A.*, it was with swelling hearts.

In the ballroom the dance program featured the Gold and Green Caprice, danced by six sets from the different wards. Master of ceremonies Floyd Eyre introduced Edvenia Jepsson of the Stake Board, who had trained the dancers together with one hundred and fifty other dancers. The demonstration was very beautiful and enjoyed by all.

Gleaner Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Grace C. Neslen

Emily H. Higgs, Chairman
Rachel G. Taylor

Martha G. Smith

Summer-time

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?" the poet asks, and the answer is simple: nothing—unless it be the glorious vacation days that follow after. Mountain and seashore and park are calling, and in the glorious freedom of the summer some of the old feelings vanish and new, wonderful ones take their place. Romance is in the air, borne on the fragrance of flowers; youth is exemplified in the loveliness of nature, and hearts are light. It is right and natural that girls should enjoy life, particularly the beautiful seasons; but it is right, too, that they should realize that just as spring and summer are only a part of the year, so is girlhood just a part of life. Years lie ahead, years that should and can be the "best of life for which the first was made," and every act and thought of girlhood will remain as a part of womanhood.

Make the summer lovely in itself, and twice lovely in the memories it will create. Remember that a serious mis-step never can be undone, and that from the care-free, impulsive girl you are today, you will grow into the thoughtful, purposeful woman of tomorrow.

May every day of your summer vacation become a happy and blessed memory!

Contribute to the honor and happiness of your home by being to your parents what you hope your children someday may be to you!

Gleaner Banquets

THE Gleaner banquet idea has grown from a small one to a very big and interesting one. Members of the General Board who have visited on such occasions are delighted with the success attending them, and the joy created by them. Various schemes of color and arrangement are used, and most interesting programs are presented.

Ensign Stake

THE report of the Ensign Stake Banquet is one which will doubtless be of interest to all stakes and suggestions for next year might develop from it.

The banquet was planned many weeks ahead, and efforts put forth to raise sufficient money that every Gleaner girl in the stake might attend. Plays, vaudeville skits, candy sales,

etc., were carried on, and before the appointed date every single girl was assured of a place. The affair was held at the Hotel Utah, and beautiful decorations lent an air of festivity before the banquet began. The girls, as they arrived in their colorful dresses, suggested the gathering of a bouquet,

(Continued on page 583)

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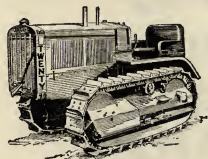
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CATERPILLAR

Junior Girls Department

COMMITTEE

May Booth Talmage, Chairman Laura P. Nicholson
Agnes S. Knowlton Julia S. Baxter Marie C. Thomas

THROUGH lack of space some notes on June Conference were not printed in the May Era. Will you kindly, therefore, re-read our letter of April 1, and also all general information concerning the Conference, in this Era? There are a few points we desire especially to emphasize:

1. The separate meeting for Junior leaders on Friday, June 6, after the general morning session, when our next year's work will be presented, problems discussed, and information of present interest given out. Refreshments will be served.

2. The Junior-Bee-Hive Festival on Saturday, June 7th at 10:00 a. m. in the Tabernacle.

(All Y. L. M. I. A. officers are expected to attend this session. We trust the Tabernacle will be filled by members and friends, and that their hearts will be touched by the message and achievements of our lovely young girls).

3. Leadership Institute. (It is hoped that as many Junior Leaders as can arrange to do so, will remain for the two-day Institute following the Conference. This will be in the nature of a school and each session will be of great value in preparing leaders for their responsible positions).

Attendance at the Conference in June is recognized as of paramount importance in developing efficient leadership. A trite but expressive figure of speech likens this occasion to the recharging of a battery. Those officers who attend are sure to find renewed strength and courage for their work. Careful planning may enable many to avail themselves of this great opportunity for spiritual uplift and development.

Items to be Sent at Once to Ward Junior Leaders

JUNIOR members who can conveniently do so, are asked to wear white or cream colored suits or dresses with a rose colored rose or corsage. This request, however, must not in any way deter any girl from attending because she cannot procure a special costume.

Cooperation of all Junior girls is desired in demonstrating our Project by decorating the Tabernacle. In addition to making her own rose or corsage, may we hope to get an additional rose contributed from each girl in the class, and at least a yard of roses from the group as a whole to

form a huge wreath or garland for decorative purposes. The roses should be somewhat open and not too small. Perfection of detail is not essential; rather keep in mind the decorative effect to be achieved in that immense auditorium. Crepe paper must be some shade of rose color, but not necessarily of the best quality. It may be purchased in any store where such materials are carried. Stems for single roses should be about 12 inches long and may be made either with Dennison's or radio wire. Roses for the wreath may be fastened on Dennison's or cotton clothes wire. Leaves should not be purchased, but made of ordinary crepe paper. Flowers should be sent to the Y. L. M. I. A. General Board Office, 33 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, and should reach the committee before conference.

Urge every Junior girl to memorize the words and music of our two Junior songs: *It's Joy to be a Junior Girl* and *Junior Roses*, so they may be sung with spirit and uniformity.

We desire to emphasize the thought that all departments are part of the great M. I. A. movement; so, for the opening and closing numbers we shall sing *M. I. A. We Hail Thee*, and *M. I. A. Our M. I. A.*, and these also should be thoroughly practiced and memorized. All of these selections will be found in the middle section of the M. I. A. Song Book.

Junior Girls Join M-Men and Gleaners in Banquet

ONE of the most delightful events of the Minidoka Stake season was the banquet held, at which about one hundred and sixty M Men, Gleaners and Junior girls were present. The program and dance were under the direction of the M. I. A. Stake Officers. Daffodils gracing the table and shamrocks used as favors combined to carry out the Gold and Green color scheme of the M. I. A.

M. I. A. and other songs were sung by the entire group as the opening number on the program, followed by an address of welcome by Amy Harrison, Stake Gleaner Girl leader, a Junior Girls' chorus and vocal trio, instrumental trio selections and short talks by Stake Superintendent A. L. May and Ralph McCloy, stake M Men President.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, and most delightful the affair proved to be.

Bee Hive Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Catherine Folsom, Chairman
Elsie Hogan Sarah R. Cannon Vida F. Clawson Glenn J. Beeley

Bee-Hive Messages

WE have closed our season's intensive work and have arrived at the vacation period. The hand books, scrap books, etc., show how completely and efficiently the girls have reached their goal. The joy in each heart testifies to the effort expended, the service rendered, and the growth marked.

The schools are dismissed and the Bee-Hive girls have a great deal of leisure time on their hands and we feel that the Bee-Keepers now have a real opportunity for service. What are you going to do to help the girls use their time profitably? We are sure they will be very enthusiastic if you call them together and plan a nice summer program. This program should be full of various kinds of activities. We suggest the following: hiking, boating, swimming, lawn parties, home parties, handicrafts, outings, gardening, etc. All your activities should be planned with the view toward cell filling. The summer period is a good time for the girls to earn bee-lines and merit badges.

Plan at least one good hike. Every hike should be taken with a purpose—have your girls remember they are Bee-Hive girls; sing your Bee-Hive songs, make original songs using your swarm name and symbol. Study the bees, birds, trees, wild flowers, formation of rocks, etc., along the way. Many cells can be filled—in mountain climbing cells 620, 624, 625; for nature study, cells 515, 517, 580, 581, 582 and others; and for your lunch, cells 105, 106, 111.

The girls will enjoy a nice lawn party, either at some home or at a suitable park where they can play all kinds of out-door games, such as are suggested in the Field of Health under "Dancing and Games." All programs should be well planned and carried out so that your time will be profitably spent and enjoyable.

The girls should find a great deal of interest in all sorts of handwork. The vacation period is a good time for the girls to make Christmas presents and in painting old furniture. It is surprising the many lovely ways in which old materials and scraps of silk around the home can be made into rugs, pillows, tied and dyed articles, lamp shades, etc. The girls should be encouraged to read good books and it may be interesting for one girl to read

while the others work. We would refer you to reading course lists as published in the M. I. A. Hand Book pages 129 to 132 inclusive.

We ask that you cooperate with your stake and ward in putting over a successful Mothers and Daughters' (Continued on page 583)

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CONCRETE

FOR PERMANENCE

Mutual Work, Continued Community Activity

(Continued from page 577)

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea	Universal	Glorious Betsy	Warner
The Valley of the Giants	First National	The Iron Mask	United Artists
The Vanishing American	Paramount	King of Kings	Pathe
		Monsieur Beaucaire	Paramount
Comedies			
The Circus	United Artists	Quality Street	M. G. M.
Girl Shy	Pathe	Robin Hood	United Artists
The Gold Rush	United Artists	Scaramouche	M. G. M.
Go West	Metro Goldwyn Mayer	The Ten Commandments	Paramount
Grandma's Boy	Pathe	The Viking	M. G. M.
Safety Last	Pathe	When Knighthood was in Flower	Cosmopolitan
Speedy	Paramount	A Boy of Flanders	M. G. M.
The War Horse	Fox	Boy of Mine	First National
		The Bugle Call	M. G. M.
		Dress Parade	Pathe
		The Eagle	United Artists
		The Fire Brigade	M. G. M.
		The Rainbow Man	Paramount
		Seventh Heaven	Fox
		West Point	M. G. M.
		M. G. M. stands for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.	
		R. K. O. stands for Radio-Keith-Orpheum.	
Fairy Tales			
Alice in Wonderland	Pathe		
Through the Looking Glass	Pathe		
Cinderella	Paramount		
Hansel and Gretel	Edited		
Jack and the Beanstalk	Fox		
Little Orphant Annie	Edited		
Peter Pan	Paramount		
Seven Swans	Paramount		
Thief of Bagdad	United Artists		

United Artists Pictures

American History

Barbara Frietchie	Pathe
Betsy Ross	Edited
Courtship of Miles Standish	Edited
Covered Wagon	Paramount
Flaming Frontier	Universal
Heart of Maryland	Warner
Iron Horse	Fox
Janice Meredith	M. G. M.
Little Old New York	M. G. M.
Old Ironsides	Paramount
Pony Express	Paramount
Rough Riders	Paramount
Trail of '98	M. G. M.
Yankee Clipper	Pathe

Travel Stories

Alaskan Adventures	Pathe
Chang	Paramount
Grass	Paramount
Moana	Paramount
Nanook of the North	Pathe
Simba	Talking Picture Epics
White Shadows in the South Seas	M. G. M.

Sports

Brown of Harvard	M. G. M.
Coxey at the Bat	Paramount
Drop Kick	First National
The Freshman	Pathe
High School Hero	Fox
One Minute to Play	R. K. O.
The Quarterback	Paramount
Salute	Fox
Warming Up	Paramount

Good Dramatic Fiction

Beau Brummel	Warner
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall	United Artists
Eagle of the Sea	Paramount

Robin Hood, with Douglas Fairbanks. Don Q., Son of Zorro, Tumbleweeds, with W. S. Hart. Partners Again. Sparrows, with Mary Pickford. Winning of Barbara Worth. The General, with Buster Keaton. College, with Buster Keaton. My Best Girl, with Mary Pickford. The Tempest, with John Barrymore. Sorrel and Son, with H. B. Warner.

Salt Lake Stakes at Work

Two committees, appointed by Bishops of Salt Lake City wards having motion picture shows, have been working earnestly on motion picture problems, with the hope that some of the difficulties might be overcome, and the rest of the Church have the benefit of their effort. E. F. Huber is appointed chairman of a sub-committee for purchase and preview of pictures; C. W. Anderson chairman of sub-committee to consider general atmosphere, music, order, ventilation and fire hazards. Both of these have sent recommendations to the general Community Activity Committee, and it is hoped that something definitely helpful will be ready to present at June Conference, so that the motion picture problem may be solved to some extent. Selection, purchase and reduced rates are the points at present under consideration, and it is urged that ward and stake workers be considering such matters as the maintenance of standards regarding order, music, fire hazards, etc.

Gleaner Girls

(Continued from page 579)

and no flower garden was ever more bright than their happy faces. Having worked for the success of the occasion, they were ready to enjoy it to a degree never reached without effort.

The Program

THE theme of the evening was "In Life's Garden" and a series of short talks was given, introduced by rhymed explanations, which put into the affair the spirit of ideal gleaner. "Preparing the Garden" was the subject treated by President Ruth May Fox. "Planting the Seeds" was the subject of the next one, given by Bertha S. Stevenson, Stake President of the Y. L. M. I. A. A Gleaner leader, Ethel Evans, discussed "Cultivating the Garden," and a Gleaner girl, Dorothy Iverson, "Reaping the Harvest." Following these came short toasts on "Binding the Sheaves" in which was considered the year's activity program. "Music" by the girls of the 21st ward; "Questions" by another girl; "Men" by Gladys Cragun and "Literature" by Mary Shindler presented in an interesting and enlightening way the experiences, real and imaginary, of the various groups.

A beautiful banquet it was, but not more beautiful than the thoughts it aroused of the wonderful things awaiting the lovely girls who participated. In view of the accomplishments of the girls, their systematic carrying out of plans long made and the faces lit by the light of faith and friendship, it would indeed be a pessimist who could foresee in the future aught but joy and glory.

Bee-Hive Girls

(Continued from page 581)

Day. You should do whatever you can to make this a really enjoyable day for all the mothers and daughters of M. I. A.

We remind you again of the M. I. A. Institute to be held following June Conference at which helpful suggestions will be given on handcraft and other phases of summer work suggested herein.

In the stakes having summer camps, we encourage Bee-Keepers to organize the girls and spend a few days in camp. We are sure you could not plan a more enjoyable time for yourselves.

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Bill's Shadows

(Continued from page 540)

he asked, his round head cocked on one side like an inquiring sparrow.

"What?" Bill asked wonderingly.

"That take off—that turn? Stroke not so bad either—with a little work on your leg movement."

"Didn't know I had anything," Bill replied somewhat relieved. "Thought maybe I'd stolen something."

"Where you been?" the little coach chirped.

"When?" Bill was becoming more puzzled. "Been up on Lake Michigan this summer—life guard, if that's what you mean?"

"Did Tom Robinson see you swim—Robinson, of Northwest-ern?"

The little coach was tense as he awaited the reply.

"No," Bill answered shortly.

"Who's he?"

"You'd a found out mighty quick if he'd a seen you." The instructor's round eyes were about to do a tap-dance on his rosy cheeks, Bill thought. "Tom'd a never let you get away."

THEN Bill began to chuckle.

"Say, what are you chirping about, anyhow. I don't know Tom Robinson—I don't even know you. What about all this?"

"Let me tell you." The little man paid no attention to Bill's mirth. "I'm the new swimming coach here—Harry Haugland's my name."

"Mine's Gardner—Bill Gardner—glad to meet you, but I'm still in the woods."

"Then I'll bring you out, Mr. Gardner," the coach twittered ecstatically. "You have perfect form—and look at that body—those long slender arms—those sinewy hands—and not an ounce of excess meat to carry!"

"And what does all that mean?" Bill asked evenly.

"It means that if you're not a champion swimmer, it's merely because you've never trained for a race."

THE little fellow whirled to the door.

"C'mon, let's see what you can do!"

"Hold on, hold on, you're all wrong," Bill exclaimed trying to stop him. "I've never swum a race in competition in my life—don't know the first thing about it."

"That's all right, you can learn," the coach warbled. "Take off again as you did before and make the best time you can up and back."

"You'll be disappointed," Bill warned as once more he lifted his long fins and flashed into the tank.

Up and back Bill sped. As his fingers touched the end of the pool, he saw the coach slip the stopwatch into his pocket.

"I thought so, I thought so." He was chirping like a house wren.

BILL placed his hands on the edge of the pool and drew himself out of the water.

"How was it?" he asked, catching a little of the other's excitement.

"It will do, it will do." The little man nearly nodded his head off his slender neck. "We'll correct that foot work a bit, but otherwise—Man, how did you ever get that form without help? Want you to report for swimming. You may be able to win a place on the team—" and then as if afraid of his enthusiasm, he added, "When you get that footwork perfected."

That night in the mystical hour between the dusk and the dark, Bill Gardner, Junior, wrote a letter to William Gardner of Staeger fame.

"Dad," said he, "I think I caught a glimpse of those great Shadows today."

Bill swam in several dual and exhibition meets during the winter, but his mind was focussed on one only—the one which would determine the conference championship. That it was to be between Andover and Staeger Universities was early indicated, as each had shown remarkable strength especially in the middle distances.

BILL trained faithfully. He found that his foot de-

fect though seemingly trifling gave him a great amount of trouble. Coach Haugland, however, was patient, working with him day after day in the most painstaking manner until at last the stroke was mastered. Then Bill set about lowering his record for the middle distances.

He wanted to be exactly on edge for the Andover meet. The contest would mean much to him and his Shadows, for it would be his one opportunity of the year to prove that he was a worthy descendant of theirs. Besides, Rad Bowen was entered in the two-twenty, his own particular race—Rad of the flaming "W" and the arrogant father.

At last the long expected day arrived. The gallery for spectators in the tank room was packed to the doors when Bill, wearing the Staeger Gold and Blue, poised for his take-off in the two-twenty free style.

On Bill's left he found an Andover man; on his right, Rad Bowen whose thick lips twisted into a smile of confidence. Bill thought, as he waved his recognition. Beyond Rad was Jim Tate, his own Staeger team mate.

When the starter barked his command to get ready, Bill toed the edge of the tank eager for the plunge. Though he looked straight ahead at the place on the water where he expected to land, he was vividly conscious of his competitors, especially Rad Bowen.

As the gun cracked, Bill shot into the water, his body splitting the waves and gliding far out like a flung harpoon. Then he struck into his two-twenty pace. He saw Rad Bowen reach the end of the pool and turn and spring back, his pointed fingers cleaving the water before him. Bill did likewise, giving stroke for stroke. Just then he felt that he would rather defeat Rad Bowen than any other man in the world.

He knew that the course was five lengths of the pool. Up and back and up and back again the four swimmers flashed, Bill all the time keeping a close check on Bowen. He knew Rad's time, and was confident of victory. He timed his own stroke so that the two touched the end of the pool almost at the same instant—one



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more length of the pool to go. Bill doubled and shot out from the wall, every ounce of his strength functioning in his wiry legs. He felt a shock; saw stars; and felt arms flailing. He had collided with the Andover swimmer on his left, who on his way down had evidently swum out of his course. Bill was not hurt much, but he knew the accident would give Rad many good yards the start.

HE lost consciousness of the crowd—the pool—of everything as he shot away toward the finish. He only knew that out in head somewhere was Rad Bowen speeding toward the goal.

As his arms flashed in and out of the water his mind clicked off the yardage. He did not breathe—there was no time for breath. Less than twenty yards to go and long yards to make up! He cupped his hands to get more purchase on the water as he plowed on ten yards, fifteen, and then—his hands touched the wall.

The race was over. Rad Bowen, hanging to the canal, was looking down at Bill with a poorly concealed smile of triumph.

"Congratulations," Bill managed to choke as Coach Haugland, cawing like a magpie, helped him from the water.

BILL'S sense of humor was the only thing that saved him from despair. The Andover swimmer had been disqualified, but that was little comfort. The race had been awarded to Rad Bowen and rightly, Bill had to admit. It wasn't Rad's fault, but Bill felt that Fate had played another trick on him, for Rad's time was considerably slower than his own for the same distance. He had had his one chance of the year to have his name inscribed on a silver loving cup and that had slipped away because a fool swimmer had lost his way.

In the days that followed he received letters from his father in which the senior Gardner indicated that he had heard that his son was swimming, but he had never expressed any active interest in the matter. William Gardner seemed to think that swimming as a sport was not important although he had taken the trouble to mention the fact that he had

read that Rad Bowen had been victorious even in swimming, and the even was underscored.

Bill squirmed under that letter. It was like his father. He was plumb loco on the subject of football. Nevertheless, Bill felt that he would give his hope of eternal happiness to get Rad Bowen in a race again, for how could he tell William Gardner—the war-horse Gardner—that Rad had won chiefly because another Andover swimmer had lost his way? One of his father's pet poems, he remembered, was something about "the weak shall fail," and his favorite addenda was that "the weakest excuse their failures."

But Bill's opportunity came sooner than he had expected. He was dressing in the gymnasium one day when Coach Haugland stuck his head in through the door,

"I made it!" he chirped. "You and Jim Tate are entered in the National Intercollegiate meet in Philadelphia. The school has agreed to send you."

Bill's heart skipped a beat. He had not dared hope for such good luck. He had heard before that Rad Bowen had been entered.

ALMOST at the very hour one week later he was dressing in the Po-haw-tan Athletic club in the Quaker City at the conclusion of the preliminary meet. His heart was light, for both he and Jim Tate had placed in the two-twenty and the four-forty, and so, also, had Rad Bowen placed in the shorter race. Bill bore his fellow-townsmen no ill will, but he did want to swim another race with Rad. It was a sort of an extension of the friendly feud which had existed between their fathers a quarter of a century earlier.

Thoughts of sweet opportunity made Bill jubilant as he sought his hotel, accompanied by Coach Haugland and Jim Tate. He felt that he had a fighting chance of winning at least one of the races in the finals, for in practice he had bettered both of the national records.

UPON calling for his key at the hotel desk, he was surprised to learn that some one had taken it. Wondering who could have been so sure of himself, Bill followed by his two friends sought

his room and threw the door open. "Dad!" he exclaimed when he had found his voice. "How did you get here?"

William Gardner rose from his chair. Bill seized his outstretched hand.

"Gee, I'm glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "Of course you'll be at the meet tomorrow night?"

Gardner smiled.

"Probably."

Bill turned to his companions.

"Coach—Jim—this is Dad."

Then pulling the coach forward. "Dad, this is Coach Haugland, the man who has been trying to make a swimmer out of me."

The two shook hands, Haugland's face for the moment becoming the "sun's only rival."

"Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Gardner," he warbled. "You must stay for the meet."

"This doesn't look any too good." Gardner held up the paper he had been reading. "Neither of these boys won his race tonight."

THE coach nearly exploded trying to keep his feet on the floor.

"There's a reason," he twittered, leaning over toward the visitor. "I told 'em to take it easy—there's strategy in swimming, Mr. Gardner—a lot of strategy. Make the other fellow think you're easy. Staeger's day is tomorrow night."

The football veteran smiled at that but he was unconvinced.

"In amateur sports, the best man always wins," he said, voicing his code.

"Not in the preliminaries—not in the preliminaries, Mr. Gardner," Coach Haugland chirped. "The best man will win tomorrow night—here are two of them." He placed his arms affectionately around the two boys.

"Then I'll stay," Gardner replied. "Came a purpose, in fact."

"I'll simply have to win with you here," Bill said whimsically, "even if Reed Morrow, last year's champion, is entered in my race. Rad Bowen is also swimming it, so I'll need all the help I can get from my—Shadows."

"Your what?" Gardner, senior, asked.

Bill smiled through his blush.

"From the wagon train bosses—the pioneers," he said, grinning

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sheepishly. "Had no idea you'd come."

WILLIAM Gardner looked into his son's wistful face. For the first time he caught some inkling of what his constant harping on the subject of football had meant to him.

"Of course I'd come," he exclaimed. "Why, boy, I—!" Then his voice failed him. To hide his emotion he stepped close and in his old way spanned his great hands across his son's waist line. "Built like a blue racer," he rumbled hoarsely. "Ought a have speed in the water—don't need much else for—swimming."

The little coach was immediately on the firing line.

"Don't, eh?" he queried. "Let me tell you, Mr. Gardner, that it takes gizzard to win a swimming match. Speed alone will never win tomorrow night—it will take gizzard. Why, do you realize there'll be a national champion in every event? And champions have gizzard as well as speed. You'll know what I mean tomorrow night."

"All right, we'll see," the elder Gardner laughed. "Now I guess I'd better get out so these hell-divers can get a little rest. Sleep is great medicine; it helps the gizzard." He moved to the door. "Saw Coach Winston in the lobby—I want to chin a bit with him," he announced as he went out.

ON the following evening when young Bill Gardner took his place ready for the take-off in the two-twenty free style, he glanced up at the sea of faces above him in the gallery. He knew that up there somewhere was a square-jawed man to whom this race meant as much as it did to him or to Coach Haugland, perhaps more.

His Shadows were very real as he awaited the signal to start. He knew that he would need not only his own reserve but theirs as well, for on one side he was flanked by the two-twenty champion of the United States and on the other by Rad Bowen, of Andover. Beyond was Joe Winters of some college in Illinois.

At the crack of the gun, Bill shot into the water. He knew he had eleven lengths of the pool to go, and he also knew that he

would have to sprint all eleven against this competition. There would be no watching of his opponents this time. He had learned his lesson in the conference meet.

BACK and forth the quartet flashed like long white fish, their arms and feet churning the water into foam. Bill sensed that the champion and he were gradually pulling into the lead as the crowd began to roar its excitement.

Discovering that his wind was holding out better even than he had anticipated, Bill was sweeping up the pool on his ninth lap when he came into contact with flailing arms. He veered to one side, but in that second he caught sight of Rad Bowen's surprised face. The collision was slight, but Bill knew it would give the champion a slight advantage. Throwing caution to the winds, forgetting everything but victory, Bill struck into his fastest sprint. He'd have to last to the finish, that was all.

Up in the gallery William Gardner saw the collision and groaned.

"Now for the gizzard," he muttered, remembering Coach Haugland's pet expression. "Most men'd be licked right now."

HE was electrified at Bill's response. He saw the blonde head splitting the waters like the prow of a speed boat, as two long, sinewy arms hooked out and into the waves with the rapidity of flashes of lightning, and two long, fin-like feet beat the water into foam behind him. He glanced at his companion. Old Coach Winston was crouched in his seat, his eyes glued upon the water below.

But young Bill Gardner did not think of gizzard—he thought only that a collision had defeated him once before. He knew that up above him somewhere two deep eyes were looking down upon what appeared to be a defeated son.

Bill reached the wall at last. He saw the champion shoot out as he jack-knifed ready to spring. Then with every nerve, every muscle tense and straining, he shot toward the finish in the wake of his opponent. He'd win or—die.

Bill's Shadows hovered beside him—urged him on. He literally leaped over the water. He was keyed up, buoyant. He felt as if

he were a tiny speed boat driven by a thousand horse power motor.

THEN his long hand reached out and he touched the finish wall.

With bursting lungs and heart he lay upon the surface of the pool until he felt hands lifting him from the water.

"You won! You won!" Coach Haugland was screeching like a parakeet.

Bill followed the coach as he pushed his way through the contestants and coaches at the end of the pool and sought the dressing room. A roar that seemed to shake the building followed them. A moment later William Gardner burst in.

"Boy!" Bill caught the thrill in his father's voice as unmindful of his wet suit he hugged the new champion to his breast. "You're wonderful! You've got speed!"

"Gizzard, you mean, Mr. Gardner," the little coach responded happily. "That kind of races are won by gizzard. That fool Bowen fouled him or Bill'd a won by two yards. Broke the national record as it was."

Bill stretched out on a training table was trying to recover his breath.

"Better go—up—Dad, and see—the other—races," he panted.

"Not just yet—couldn't see 'em just yet, Bill," the senior Gardner replied as he brushed the back of a thick hand across his eyes. "Steam in there's awfully hard on the eyes," he apologized sheepishly.

After a moment he spoke again.

"That was Rad Bowen that fouled you, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," Bill replied. "Didn't mean to—got lost—I guess."

"Lost, nothing," Coach Haugland exploded. "Did just the same thing his team-mate did when Rad beat you in the conference meet. Couldn't stand to see you beat him, that's all."

WILLIAM GARDNER stooped over his son.

"Did something like that happen when Rad beat you before?" he asked.

"Well, I guess!" the coach chirped. "Only the collision was lots worse. Bill had Rad by more than a yard when it happened. How else did you suppose Rad Bowen ever beat Bill Gardner?"

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Gardner, senior, pressed one of Bill's hands.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

Bill had partly recovered from his swim but his heart was too near his larynx for him to speak clearly.

"The Shadows," he grinned. "Those pioneer chaps, you know. They didn't have any one to listen to their hard luck stories and so they didn't learn how to tell 'em. I think I've heard you say. I'm tryin' to forget myself."

WHEN the four-forty was called, Bill still felt a bit shaky. The shorter race had been a tremendous strain. He knew, however, that once in the water he would lose most of his nervousness.

As he stood waiting on the brink of the tank, he glanced approvingly at Jim Tate, his team mate. This was Jim's specialty.

Coach Haugland had said to Bill just before he left the dressing room:

"Don't overstrain. If Jim takes first or second and you even a third, fourth, or fifth, Staeger will have a rating well up among the leading universities."

Bill, however, had made reservations when he nodded assent. He was determined to win if he could. Besides Tate had excused himself for not making a better showing in his heat of the two-twenty by declaring that he was slowed down by a cramp in his right leg. Bill feared that the longer race, twenty-two lengths of the pool, would be a strain that would tax limbs and hearts in the best of condition.

At the crack of the gun Bill once more shot into the water. He knew that despite the length of the race, that the man who won against this competition would have to make excellent time on every lap.

Working his arms easily, he glided through the waves keeping abreast of the other swimmers, but not crowding the pace. He felt that his sprint was equal to that of the best of them. When, however, Jeff Bowles, the national champion, stretched into a faster clip, Bill allowed all three men to slide ahead. He had swum the distance too many times not to know that they were already close to national time.

THE eighteenth lap found Jim Tate trailing the champion by a length; Jones of Michigan, trailing Tate. Bill was a good length behind Jones, but he knew that only super-swimmers could stand the terrific strain the entire remaining distance. He was confidently expecting one or all to break.

He was skimming up the pool on the nineteenth lap expecting to break into his sprint at the turn when suddenly he found Jim Tate beside him.

"All in," Tate gasped. "Cramps again—will never finish—It's up to you—"

But Bill Gardner did not wait to hear the conclusion of the sentence. Shooting his long fins in to the water he was off on the trail of Jeff Bowles.

Coach Haugland on the brink of the pool saw Tate hesitate and drop back. He screeched in his bird-like way, croaking over and over something about gizzards.

Then he saw Bill Gardner break into his matchless sprint just as if he had not finished the greatest two-twenty in inter-collegiate history less than a half hour before; as if there were not several yards to make up against the famous Jeff Bowles.

But to Bill Gardner just then the little coach did not exist. The universe had suddenly dropped away and had left two beings like meteors whizzing through the blue waves of the pool. He was one of them and must win. Doggedly he swam, clawing the water back with arms that ached, but could not resist his will.

ONCE more he was super-man. He was his great-grandfather sweeping over the plains like a hurricane; his grandfather striking madly about him felling the giant pines in every direction; he was his father, an oval ball tucked under his arm and thundering through a field of eleven giants—twenty-two clutching hands!

Up in the seats old Bill Gardner's jaws were set and his eyes had in them the light of battle as he leaned forward in his seat. He was down there in spirit fighting with his son.

"C'mon, boy! C'mon, boy!" he coaxed.

"He'll never make it." It was

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Rad Bowen speaking. He had dressed after his race and was sitting in the gallery with his father.

Gardner, senior, whirled upon him.

"He's making it, can't you see?" he growled. Then once more he turned back to the pool.

But neither Bill nor Bowles could hear. Their minds were focussed on one thing—the goal ahead.

THEN came the last turn. The champion was a full yard ahead when he reached the end, whirled and started back. Bill felt a great calmness come over him as he jack-knifed. Then his legs shot out sending him like a torpedo for the goal.

"For Staeger and Father—Shadows; for Staeger and Father—Shadows!" was hammering over and over in his mind as he forced his long fins out to gather another two yards of water to fling behind.

He dimly knew that the crowd to the last person was on their feet cheering and bellowing madly as he flashed up the final stretch. Steadily he drew up on Bowles a foot—two feet—a yard! Before him as through a mist he saw the

end of the pool. Blindly he lunged forward with his last remaining ounce of strength, his long arms pointing straight ahead.

With the feel of tile against his flesh, the world seemed to cave in.

Once more he felt trembling hands dragging him from the water, and felt strong arms around

him as he was carried to the dressing room. Half unconscious, he felt himself stretched out on a training table. A jumble of voices was in his ears. Then from what seemed a great distance he heard the voice of Coach Haugland.

"You won again! You won again! YOU WON AGAIN!" It

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came closer and closer until he caught the significance of the words.

HE opened his eyes and sat up. He was surrounded by a group of jabbering men. Among them was his father, his face working and tears running down his cheeks.

"You're great!" William Gardner said huskily.

"Naw," Bill panted. "It was the Shadows!"

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"The Shadows?" His father looked puzzled a moment—"Oh, of course, the Shadows. Son, they were never greater or grittier, and one of them, old Bill Gardner, the football star—Tiger Gardner—the best day he ever lived was not half so good a man!"

Just then Rad Bowen pushed through the crowd.

"Gee, Bill, you're great!" he exclaimed holding out his hand. "Had no idea you had it in you." Then apologetically—"You don't think I fouled you purposely, do you, Bill?"

"Of course not," Bill replied heartily. "'Twas about as much my fault as yours, I guess."

"Thanks, awfully," Rad answered squeezing Bill's hand.

THEN William Gardner who had been watching the little drama turned to his friend and confessor for a quarter of a century.

"I've been a darned fool," he said humbly.

"Yeah, we all are fools in spots," the old coach agreed. "I guess, Tiger, there are other things besides football in which a man can show his stuff, after all."

"Well, I guess!" Gardner, senior, exclaimed, emphatically.

A Word Concerning Prophecy

(Continued from page 538)

wherein differences in translation occur, the words used by the Prophet are true to the idiom of the language from which they were translated. How was Joseph Smith made acquainted with the idiom of that language? May not the answer be that he found in fulfillment of the declaration quoted above, wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, and that he actually translated by the gift and power of God.

No less striking than the foregoing is the prophecy concerning the growth and development of Zion, predicated upon the observance of payment of tithes by the Saints. The statement of it en-ues:

"Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass, that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you." (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 119:5.)

A previous statement upon the same central idea runs thus:

"And, now, behold, if Zion do these things she shall prosper, and spread herself and become very glorious. * * * " (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 97:18.)

THE enumeration of the stages in the industrial and social development of Zion, by a member of the Church, may be construed by others as an attempt to advertise his wares and to flaunt his colors; but who will deny that a marvel has been accomplished in the transformation of the land in the great arid west into fruitful orchards, productive gardens, and fertile fields? The fair-minded observer looks upon the homes, the school-houses, the business institutions, the churches and the sacred temples of the Latter-day Saints with pleasure and admires the thrift and enterprise which make them possible. Zion prospers. Her people pay their tithes and prove themselves worthy to abide within her gates. God fulfills his word in many ways. Here in these everlasting hills and throughout this great America the Saints are preparing an abiding place for all who have eyes that see, ears that hear and hearts that understand. Is it not glorious!

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